

MAYFAIR



PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 27 NUMBER 2

£1.95

WOMEN WHO CAN'T GET ENOUGH

ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

**KYLIE
MINOGUE'S
BARE
BOTTOM!**

KNOCKERS OUT

**FEMALE
BOXER
BARES
HER
BOOBS!**

SEE IT ALL!

**'I'M
PEELING
OFF MY
PANTIES
INSIDE'
SAYS
PAGE
THREE
GIRL
TRACEY
HARPER**

**THE
GIRL
THAT
GAZZA
GOOSED!**

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MAYFAIR

TELEPHONE: 071 734 9191
2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE
PRINTED IN ENGLAND

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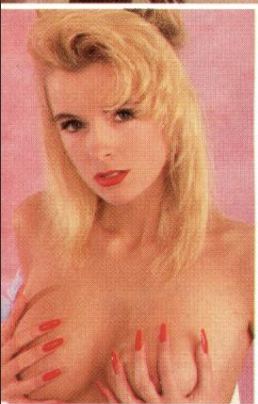
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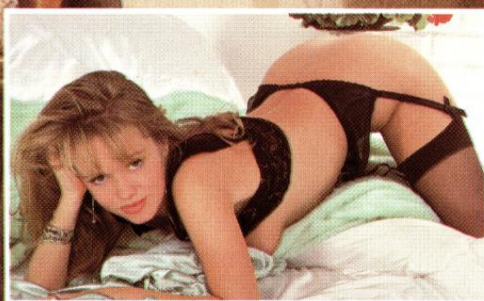
KATHRYN



CLARE



HELEN



Publisher: Paul Raymond. **Editor:** Stephen Bleach. **Deputy Editor:** Robert Swift. **Sub-Editors:** Richard Guy, Lee Lestat. **Editorial Assistant:** Simone Hotten. **Art Director:** Ian Midson. **Deputy Art Director:** Rod Edwards. **Advertisement Director:** James Macleod. **Chief Executive and Legal Adviser:** Carl Snitcher. Published every four weeks by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE, England. Tel: 071 734 9191. Origination by Cymbol, London, England. Colour by Technika, Berkhamstead Herts, England. Printed by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to any persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Editeur responsable pour la Belgique: MD Sharrock, 39 Rue Serpentine, 1050 Bruxelles. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. Subscriptions: Alan Wells International, Memberline House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leics. LE16 9NR2. Copyright © Paul Raymond Publications 1992.





page three girl!

TRACEY
HARPER

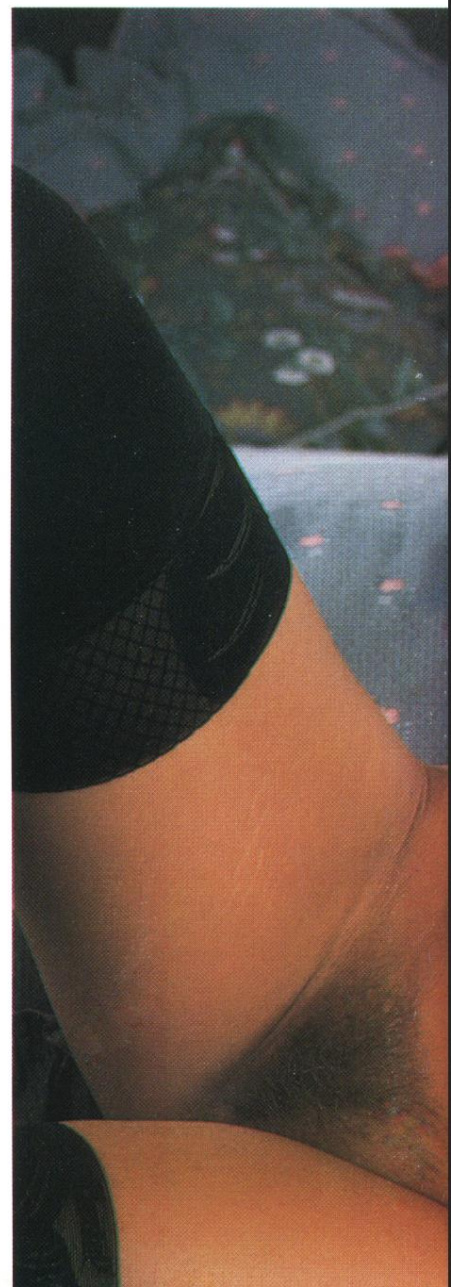


The best things in life are well worth waiting for and Britain's been waiting ages for the sexiest Page Three girl of them all, Tracey Harper, to part company with her panties. When she finally did *Mayfair* was there to record every sensuous second...

"I'm used to taking my bra off for the camera, but the rest is all new to me," giggled our busty Brummie as she let her 40 inch boobs fall free, then cautiously began to ease her panties down. "When it comes to showing you my bum I can't help feeling a bit shy... but very turned on too," she continued as her smalls made delicately slow progress down her slender thighs. Inch by soft inch, Tracey's firm bottom came into view; a perfectly formed peach.

Our quietly-spoken 21-year-old gradually gained her confidence,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS





revelling in her own naughtiness as she revealed her dark, downy pussy for the first time. "Mmmmm... you know something," Tracey murmured dreamily, running a finger through her curls and letting it linger for a long moment on her tender love-lips, "I could really get into this..." We know the feeling. **M**









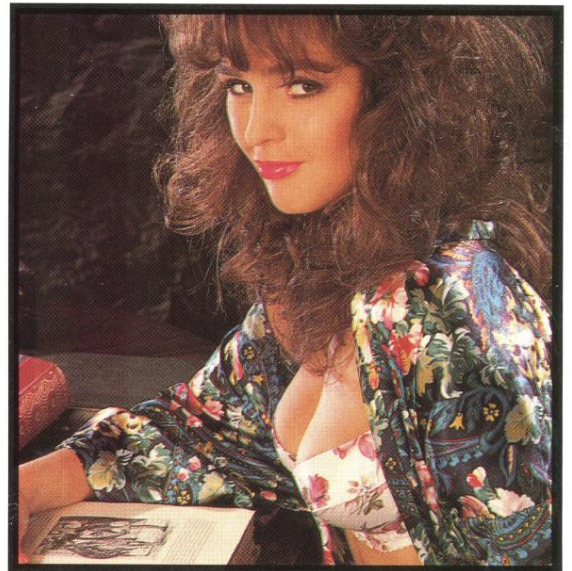




KATHRYN



Back by popular demand is curvy Kathryn Shannon, the saucy star of controversial sex video *The Lovers' Guide*, and — judging by the amount of mail we've received — the object of desire for hundreds of our readers. "It's great getting lots of attention and all these lovely compliments about my body," confesses the naughty 19-year-old who says her ultimate fantasy is to catch a bloke looking at her pictures in *Mayfair*. "But I'm afraid that chat-up lines don't really do anything for me — I prefer action, not words. And if

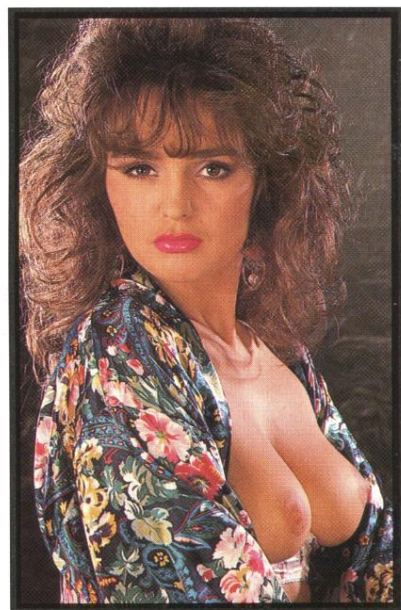
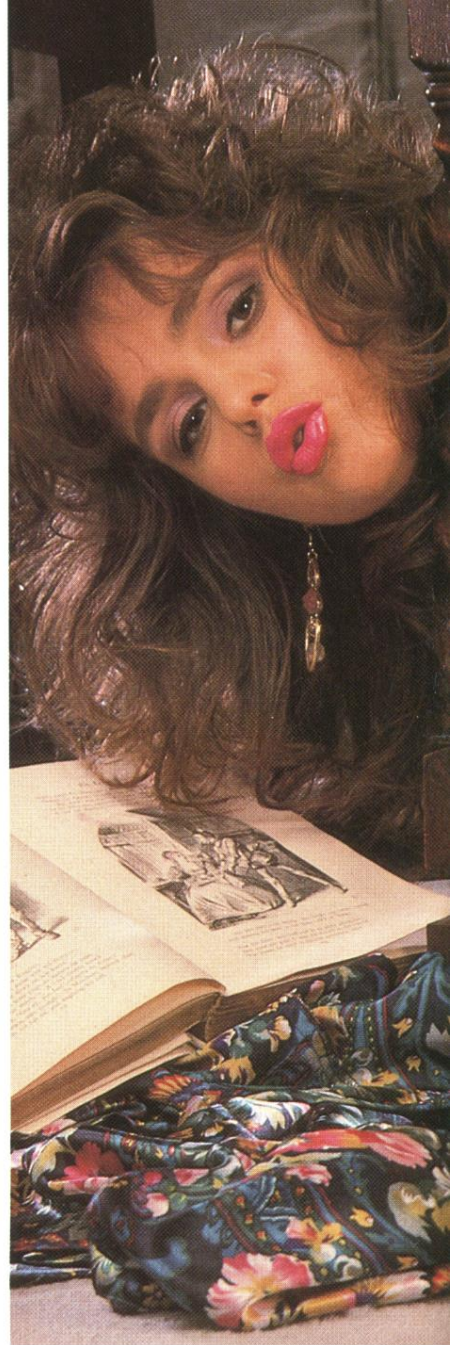


PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

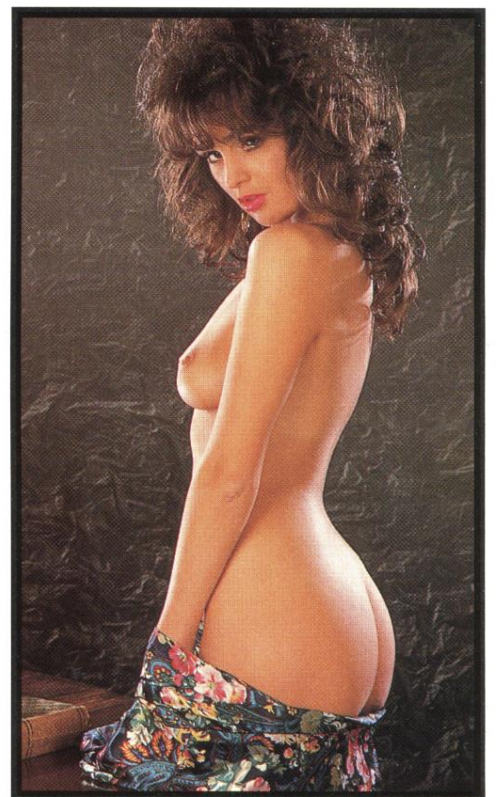
SHANNON



that action involves having my pussy caressed by the tip of a guy's tongue, or my bum fondled till it tingles, then all the better. Why waste time talking about touching my tits when you could be licking and sucking them?" **M**

















Sarah

AdultMagazinesPDF.com





Some girls bite their nails, others suck their thumbs, but Sarah plays with her tits! The 19-year-old Brummie has fondled her funbags since they first appeared at 16. "They're so sensitive, just one stroke has me feeling horny," she claims, "so every night before I go to sleep I have a little play. It gives me some fantastic dreams." And are the fellas allowed to cop a feel occasionally? "If they're very gentle. It doesn't take much to have me wanting to do it there and then!" Now there's a thought... **M**



**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
NICK GURGIL**







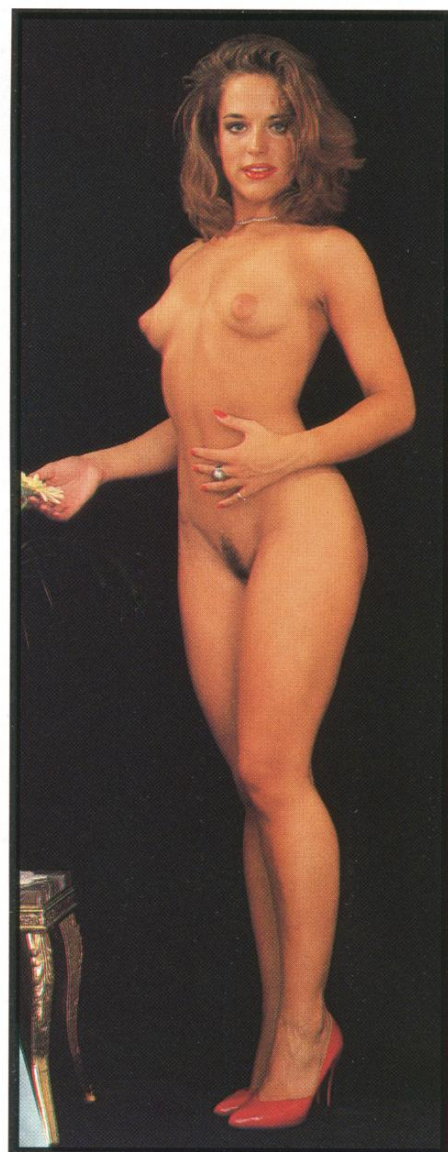


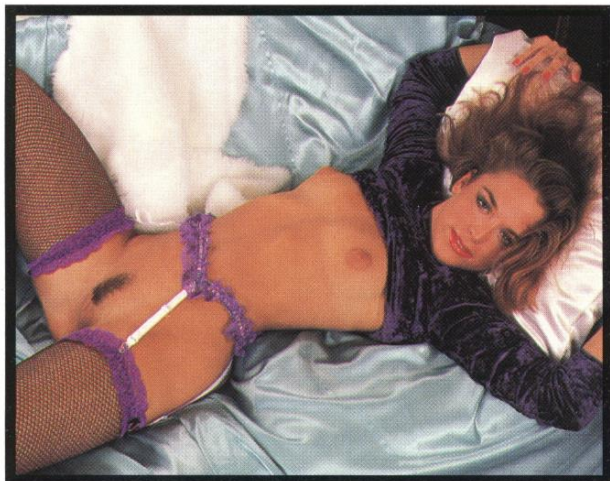


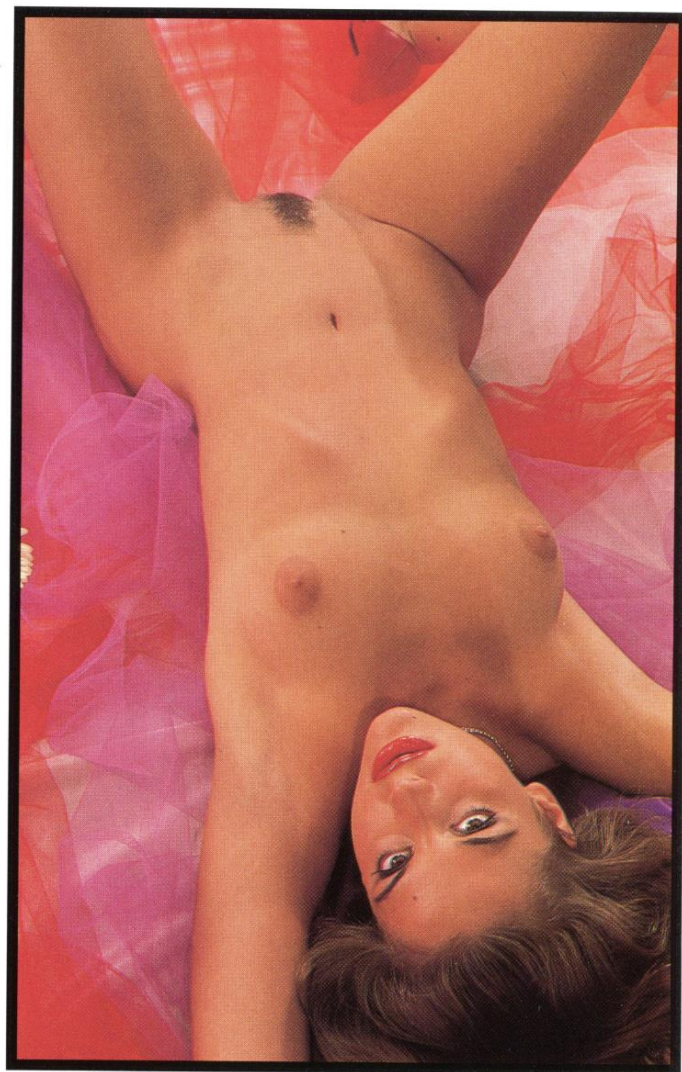
nathalie

We reckon naughty 19-year-old Nathalie should be made *Miss Sex 1992*... and it's still only February! From her luscious long hair, to her perky pink boobs, peachy bum and perfect pussy, our Staffordshire siren is a horny handful and a half. "I'm so glad you mentioned my minge," giggles our leggy lovely who first appeared in *Mayfair* Vol 26 No 14. "I noticed that my flat mate Ruth was trimming hers just like this when she was in the bath one day, and when I said how sexy she looked she offered to shave it for me. Don't get me wrong, I love a guy to run his fingers through my pubes but I like a good licking better — and this way nothing gets between my clitty and my man!" **M**

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GERTH SERNELIN**











CLARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER

Scotland hasn't been as bonnie since 19-year-old Clare from Edinburgh moved south earlier this year to take a job as a personnel manageress. "London is fun, especially at night, and I've met a lot of men from all over



the world," reveals our tall, slender sex kitten stroking her nipples to erection. "But I miss the friendliness of my home town — particularly between the sheets. The sexy Scots I've been out with have been more than willing to spend ages between my legs, making sure I'm wet enough to take them, whereas London lads always seem to be in a rush. Maybe I should try giving London girls a go instead..." **M**

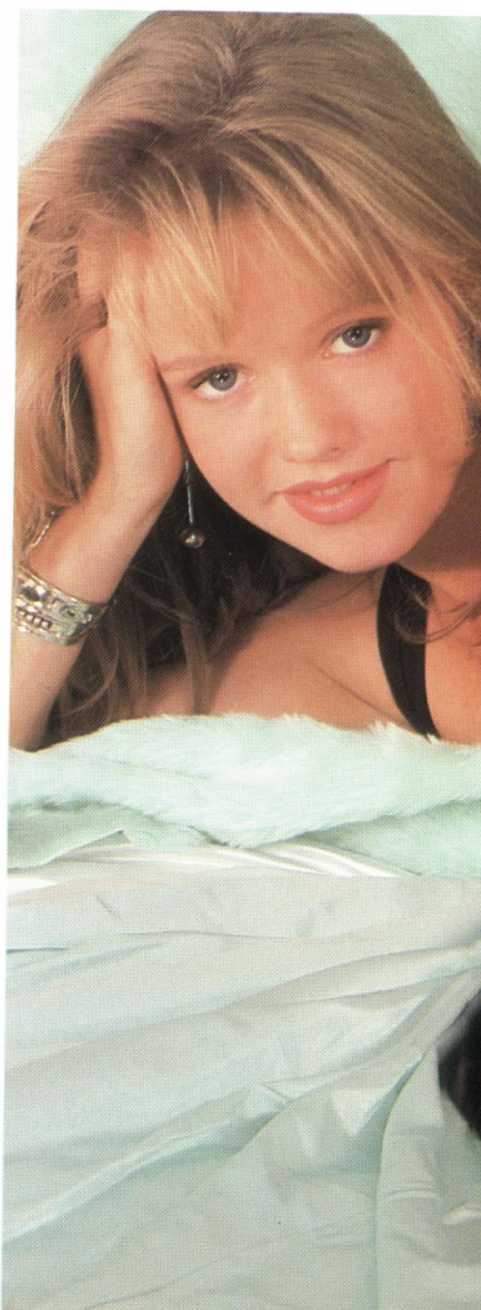












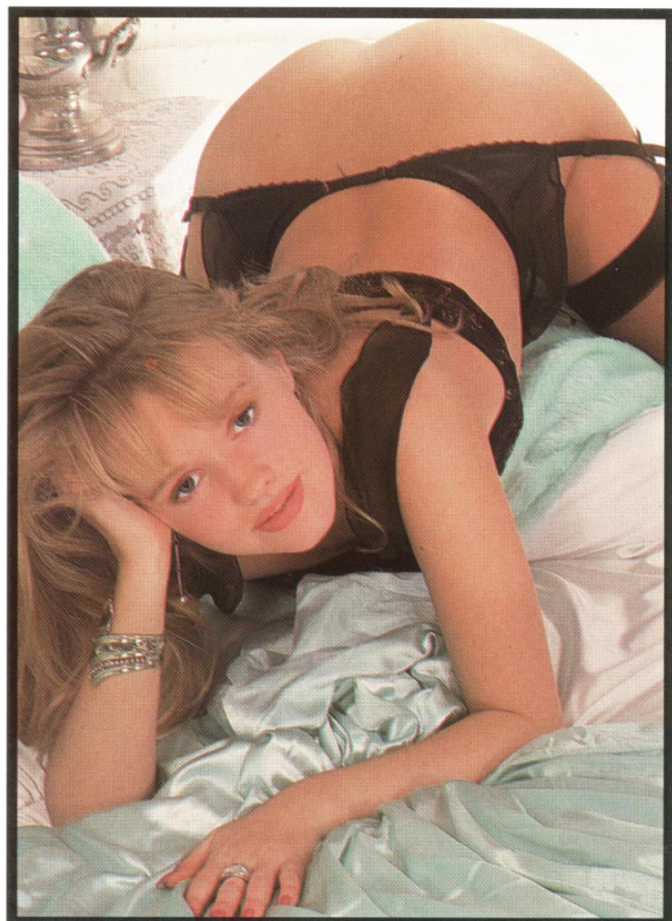
HELEN

So much mail poured in for 18-year-old Helen Hanson when she appeared as our Girl Next Door in *Mayfair* Vol 27 No 1 that we just had to ask her back to show more of her petite figure and reveal more of her sexy life-story...

It turns out that Helen's father is a wealthy stockbroker and mummy is a semi-legendary socialite, and both very strait-laced. "I was packed off to boarding school



at an early age so I didn't see either of them much," says our horny Humbersider. "So I've never really had anyone to tell me what to do. And because of that I'm very experienced for my age; very free-spirited and eager to try everything in life. You know the other night I was in a filthy foursome with two other girls and a bloke... and my parents still think I'm too innocent to go to a sexy film at the cinema!" **M**











MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

h e l e n





A woman with long blonde hair and blue eyes is lying on her side on a thick, light green fur rug. She is wearing black lace lingerie, including a strapless top and a matching bottom piece with a wide black band. She is also wearing black sheer stockings. Her left hand is resting on her hip, and her right hand is near her shoulder. She has a large, ornate silver bracelet on her right wrist and a ring on her left ring finger. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

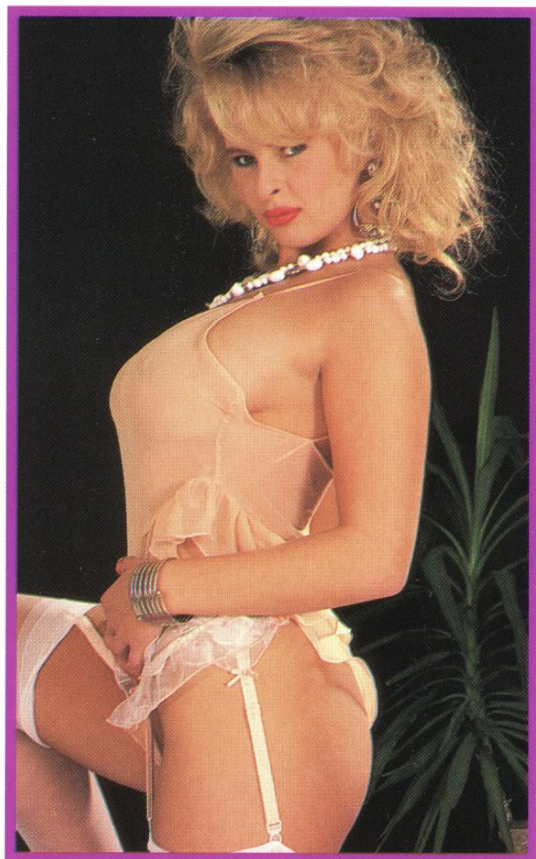
h e l e n

A
N
T

"I hope you like my boobs," were tempting 21-year-old Tina Moore's first words when she bared her beautiful bod for *Mayfair*. "As far as I'm concerned the best thing about being a girl is having a pair of sensitive nipples to stroke and pinch and suck. I can get myself hot just by playing with my tits, pushing them both together and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHN GRAHAM







pretending a big prick is sliding up and down between them. And I can even fondle them discreetly in public!

"It's better when someone else does it, of course," admits the cheeky Yorkshire lass. "That's why I always ask guys the sixty-four thousand dollar question — do you like my boobs?"

It goes without saying, Tina! **M**











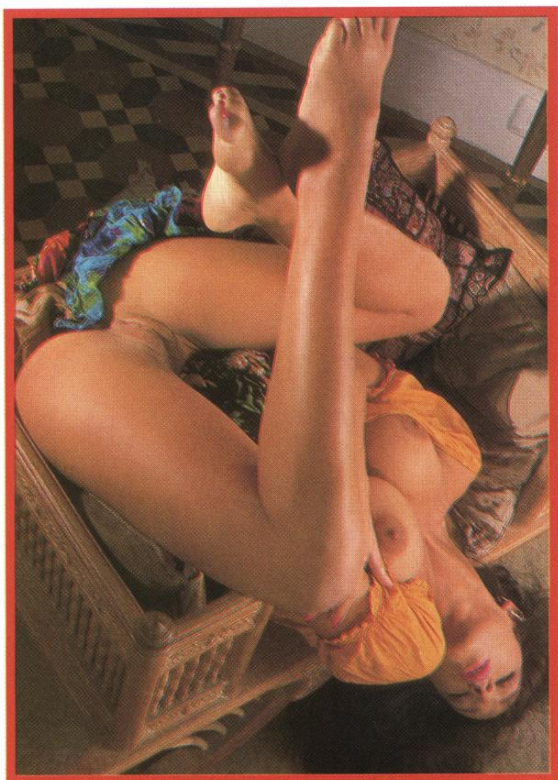
marilyn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

Munchable Marilyn Peters certainly isn't backward about coming forward — the outrageous 20-year-old will talk about her sex life at the drop of a lacy g-string. "Well, if I'm not doing it, I'm thinking about it... so why not share my thoughts with other people?" asks the flirtatious telesales girl. "My fantasies do get the better of me sometimes though; I was telling a client on the phone about the previous night's frolics, and by the time I'd mentioned the four body builders and the industrial sized tub of whipped cream I realised everyone in my office was listening in! Now my workmates keep buying me cream cakes for lunch. I think they're hoping for a demonstration!" **M**





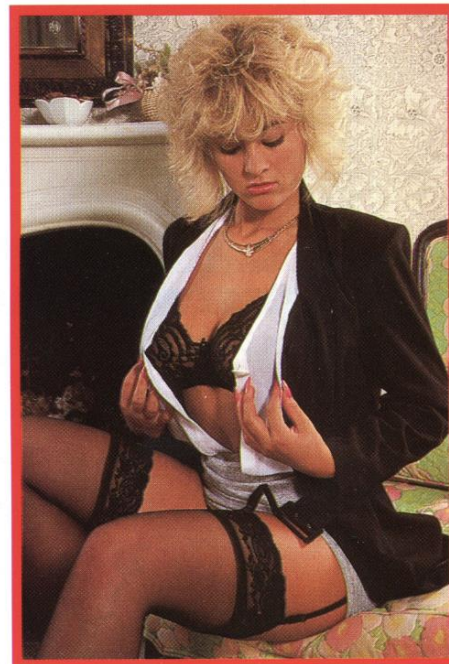




MELANIE

With her shaggy mane of blonde hair, gravity-defying boobs and lips that look like they could suck the milk out of a coconut without a straw, Melanie would make the ideal Girl Friday on a desert

PHITOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS







island. But those wild looks hide a passion for boring things like books and embroidery. "I love the idea of running away with some rugged Romany-type," claims the 36-23-34 inch, 19-year-old, "but I'm a home-loving girl at heart." So instead our London lady fantasizes about sharing some rough-hewn shelter with an equally rough-hewn fella and tries to find the perfect compromise. "If there are any readers out there who look like Jon Bon Jovi but enjoy *Antiques Roadshow* I'd love to meet them!" **M**









LETTERS

WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

LOVE BEGINS AT 40

What can I say about the *Mayfair Bra Bursters*? Bloody marvellous! It was about time you stopped being snobbish and got down to showing what we guys really

top the mascot of our darts team. Any chance?

I hope this series runs and runs, and then you produce a *Mayfair Bra Bursters* Special! You could call it "The Bust of *Mayfair*"! Mr Mammary, Hartlepool

Brandy says:

Have a signed photo, lads. You can put it up next to the dart board to distract the opposition's attention!

BLONDE ON BLONDE

I don't suppose you get many letters from women praising the models in your magazine, but I had to drop you a line about your Vol 26 No 14 centre-girl Samantha. I too am blonde and would love to be a model, but haven't had the nerve to contact photographers as I was afraid I'd be made to look too tarty.

But your shots of Samantha have changed all that!

I have never seen a girl look more naturally beautiful with an expression that is both sensual and sensitive. She obviously loves what she

does, and was having a great time doing it. For me, she was a hundred times hornier than the more obvious-looking girls that appear in other magazines. I'm not a lesbian, but, if I'm honest, Samantha does give me a tingle inside — so God knows what she does to blokes! Jane, Middlesbrough

WHAT A SPORT

My boyfriend's a really keen sports fan, and when he's not out playing football or rugby with his mates he's watching it on TV. Now I don't mind that much — some of these guys have terrific bodies, you know! — but I find it hard to get any attention from him when there's a big match on, and I sometimes feel rather neglected.

However, during the Rugby World Cup last October I found a way of getting Simon's eyes back on me, and I thought other 'sports widows' might like to try it.

For about a week Simon had been ignoring me, spending all his time glued to the set and barely speaking to me except to ask for another cup of tea. Then of course there was all the dirty kit to wash from his Sunday afternoon football sessions and he even had the cheek to bring his mate's kit home for me to wash too! I was about to blow my top when an idea took root in my mind.

Simon's mate obviously had quite a small build, because his kit looked like it would fit me. So once I'd washed and dried it I took it upstairs to try it on. The red and white striped jersey looked terrific with my long black hair curling over the shoulders, and you could just see a glimpse of my curly black pubes through the thin white shorts.

When I caught sight of myself in the mirror I suddenly felt so horny I had to lie on the bed and finger my pussy straight away, so I was already feeling very wet and excited when I went downstairs.

As usual, Simon was so engrossed in the game he didn't even notice when I walked into the room. He certainly noticed when I went and stood in front of the TV, though! Simon's eyes practically popped out when I

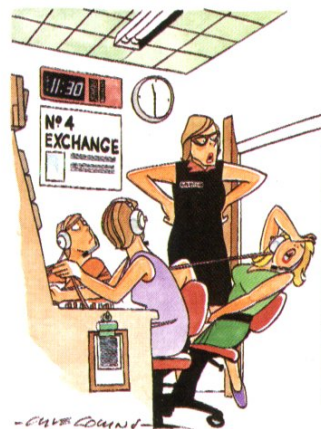
AN AMAZING FISHY FACT FROM MAYFAIR

Despite its name, the monkfish has not given up its sex life in the name of religion. It is in fact the world's randiest fish, either having sex or thinking about it 23 hours a day!

pulled the crotch of the shorts aside and started to stroke my pussy lips. I could see a bulge forming in his trousers, and before long he took them off and started wanking his rigid cock.

By the time the match reached full-time we were rolling around on the floor, Simon's cock pumping in and out of me and my jersey pulled right up so he could suck my nips.

Simon will always be a keen sports fan, but I'm glad to say that these days his favourite sport is fucking me! G F, Leicester



"It's no good... we'll have to take her off the obscene calls monitoring duties..."

SEXY SPECTATOR

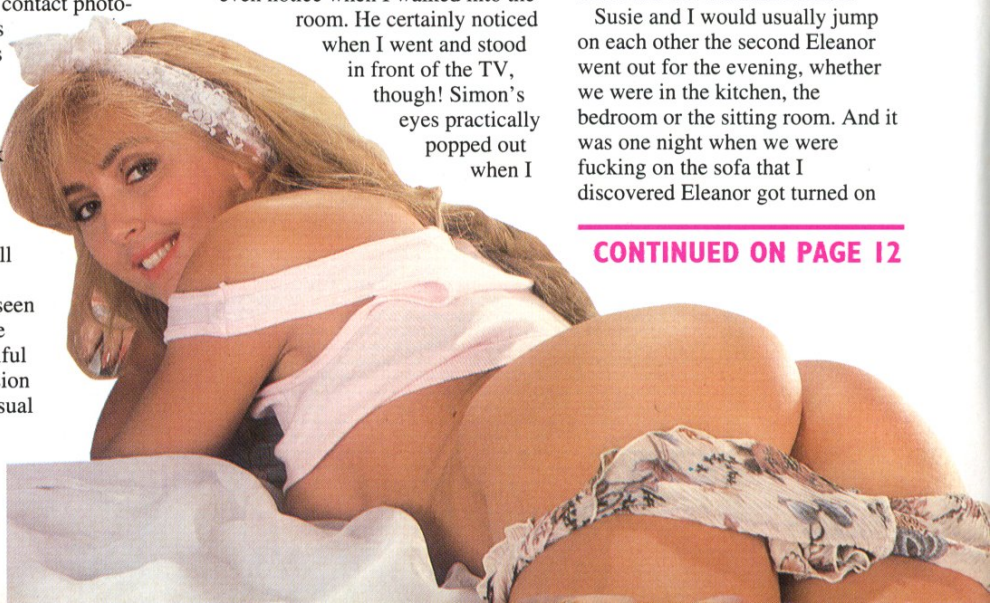
I know a lot of guys fantasize about being watched while they shag, but I never realised girls got off on the idea too — until I met my girlfriend Susie and her flatmate Eleanor.

Susie and I would usually jump on each other the second Eleanor went out for the evening, whether we were in the kitchen, the bedroom or the sitting room. And it was one night when we were fucking on the sofa that I discovered Eleanor got turned on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



like — a nice enormous pair of knockers! Any guy who says he doesn't like big tits is lying. As soon as a woman who big 'uns walks into the pub, everyone always looks round! Anything around 40 inches, and it's lust at first sight. Brandy from Vol 26 No 14 could wobble into my local any day, and would be guaranteed a big hand. In fact, we'd like to make Brandy and her double



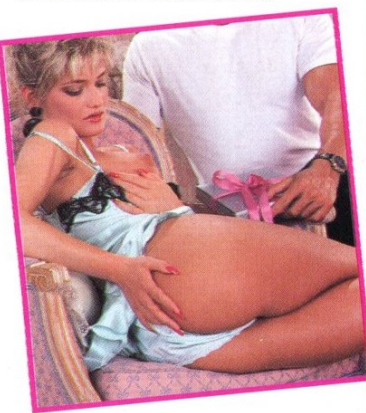
by watching other people at it. She'd come back early from a date and caught us in a steamy 69, but when she realised what was going on she made no move to leave the room.

"Don't stop on my account!" she laughed. "My date didn't work out tonight, so maybe watching you will work off some of my frustration!"

I wasn't sure about the idea, but Susie just carried on as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and I got the impression they must have done this kind of thing before. And I did feel pretty excited at the idea of someone getting horny just by watching us, so I guess that's why I slid my tongue right back into Susie's cunt and groaned with satisfaction as I felt her hot mouth wrap around my dick once more.

For a while we were totally engrossed in each other, but after I'd shot my load down Susie's throat and she'd swallowed every drop, I looked up to see Eleanor sitting on the floor, her skirt up around her waist as she shoved her fingers in and out of her cunt.

The sight of her wet pussy had such an effect on me that in seconds I was hard again and ready to fuck Susie from behind — a position which meant I could keep my eyes on Eleanor at the same time.



Later the girls admitted that they had done this before. Eleanor said it really got her off to watch other people fuck, while Susie said it made her feel really dirty to be watched getting shagged. I feel the same, so Eleanor has become a regular part of our sex life — and as she always plays with herself, does a sexy striptease or takes photos of us, she's added a lot of spice to the relationship! T R, West London

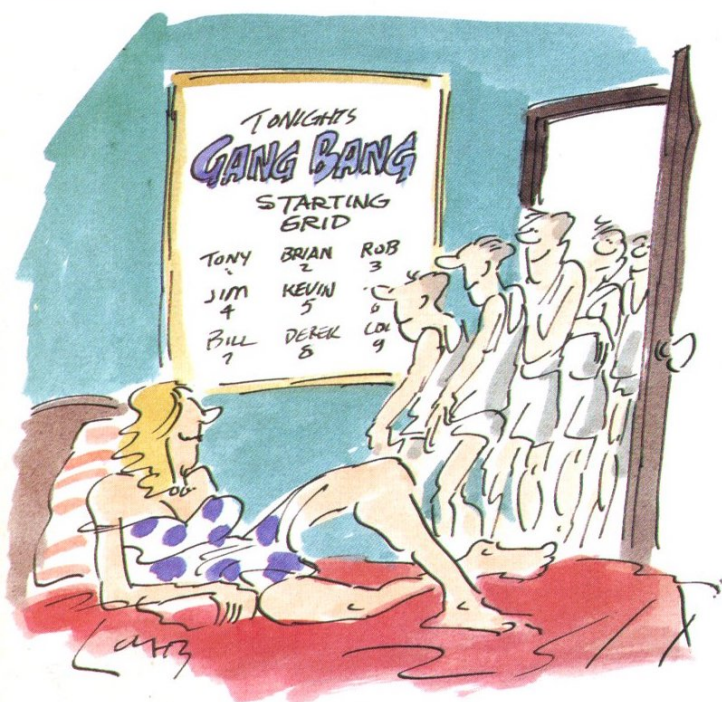
PICTURE THIS!

My new lover Dave is an avid *Mayfair* reader and asked me to write to you about our affair which began back in May when I answered an advert in the local press for 'Models wanted' for a local photographic club.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

ANOTHER FISHY FACT

Amazingly, considering its odd name, the catfish cannot see in the dark, climb curtains, catch mice or attract the opposite sex by pissing on your carpet!



MONEY M

PORN FREE

I know, you don't give a hard ECU about European free trade and the effect on Britain's Unbalance of Payments (already more badly overdrawn than a Rolf Harris cartoon). But there's one great advantage to economic union that might have you sitting up and taking notice, if only from the waist down. For the first time ever, Britain should become a net importer of — filth! No, not nuclear waste, which we already collect and lay down in this country as if, with age, it might turn into a vintage wine, I mean porn — real porn, porn with a harder core than an under-ripe Golden Delicious.

Now you can forget the magazines 'cos none of them have the class of arse you get in *Mayfair*, but soon the video market will be crowded with everything from *Germanic Rubber-Clad Lesbians Do It in Porridge* to Amsterdam's idea of a Donkey Derby. Of course, you won't be able to get them in Woolworth's for £9.99, but 'Dirty Mac' Donald's Video Store will have a few to take out, so long as they have an 18R certificate.

At least, that's the theory. What happens when Mary Whitehouse gets sent a copy of *Belgian She-Devil Cock Suckers on the Job* is altogether another matter.

HANDY WALL HOLE?

It's Saturday night and you've just pulled. All you require is some cash to get a cab to take her back to your place. You need a hole-in-the-wall cash dispenser. A trail of discarded receipts leads you to a brilliantly lit machine. Unfortunately...

- 1) It's almost certainly the wrong sort of machine...
- 2) ...if it isn't it's empty
- 3) It tells you the central computer has broken down and gives you details of holidays in the Algarve instead
- 4) It's surrounded by guys with coshes and DMs just waiting to mug you
- 5) It's covered in puke
- 6) It swallows your card 'cos you're too pissed to remember your PIN
- 7) It swallows your card for no reason whatsoever
- 8) It gives you money but the wind blows it down the High Street
- 9) It tells you that although your balance is £2,543.62, the amount available is £2.49
- 10) It spends so long advertising carloans, other accounts, travellers cheques and holidays in the Algarve, she gets pissed off and catches a bus without you.

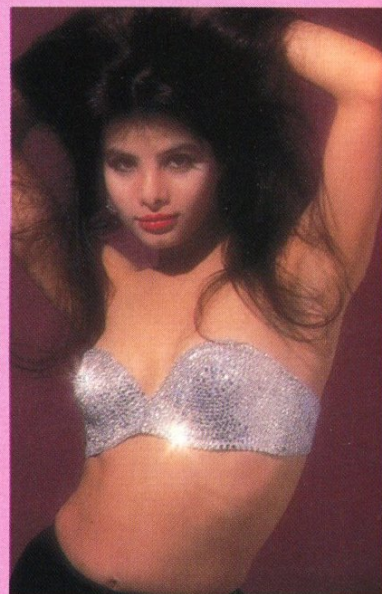


VISA FOOLISH THINGS

Nowadays practically everybody does it with plastic — and I'm not talking about pervy performances in PVC. In fact it has become so commonplace that it is hard to imagine how one might manage without a credit card. But you might start giving it some thought...

Until recently, by buying at the beginning of the month and then paying your Access/Visa bill in full at the last moment, it was possible to get seven weeks free credit. With a credit limit of £2,500, you could even bung it in the building society, then repay it every month, with no cost to you at all. That's £250 for money that isn't yours! Naturally, the people at Rroyds (the Tight Arsed Bank) and the like didn't reckon much to this, so they've started charging monthly for credit cards, even if you never use them.

BILLION



I had been made redundant and had decided to put my secret modelling ambitions to the test, having long believed my pretty face, long red hair, slim legs and 36B-24-34 figure to be as good as anything on 'Page Three'. Nervous but needing some experience, I arrived at the large private house at about seven o'clock

as agreed and met the group, about six middle-aged men all covered in expensive cameras while the lounge was lit by arc lamps as a mock studio.

I had made it clear that I did topless work only, not letting on that it was my first time other than on foreign beaches. I was nervous at first but knew that my boobs were round and firm and they drew warm compliments from the photographers when I bared them.



My long legs clad in white stockings and my firm buttocks exposed by my G-string also drew gasps of admiration. Soon I was loving all the attention and was sad when it was all over.

Later, dressed in a loose shell suit, I chatted to my photographers who all praised me and was then introduced to Dave. Behind the lights and cameras I hadn't realized what a handsome man he was — but I did now! Tall, blond and very good-looking, I fancied him immediately. Even more so as he seemed shy, since I hate brash, cocky men. However, as we chatted he settled down and I found him

ANOTHER FISHY FACT

The dogfish is also something of a misnomer. Neither the male or female of the species barks, bites postmen or humps your leg unexpectedly when you're trying to chat up a girl at a party.



witty and very charming despite the age gap. (Dave is 34 and I'm 19). I was delighted when he asked me out to dinner.

Dave took me to an extremely posh restaurant. I was wearing a velvet, strapless dress with black, seamed stockings, lacy suspender belt and my favourite G-string — a red silk heart trimmed in white lace which barely covered the natural red triangle beneath.

After a great meal we got into Dave's red Porsche and sped through the countryside. Being more relaxed, Dave explained that he was divorced and running his

own business, but that photography was his real passion. He showed me the prints of the photos that he had taken of me that day and I was over the moon about them. My boobs looked great, and Dave was a good photographer. I asked him if he could do some more of me and he asked when. "Tomorrow," I said smiling, "when we get out of bed."

When we arrived at his bungalow I went straight to his bedroom. Dave soon arrived carrying wine and glasses — and he was stark naked! Between his legs was a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

YOU THE

A new reader service from Mayfair — the only magazine without its own 0898 numbers.



mayfair hears

'Sex is great when you're famous. People try harder in bed!' — Profundities courtesy of George Michael.

'I get offered lots of film roles for sexy women who have a lot of guts. 'Vaginas with Teeth' I call them.' — Gorgeous girl on film, Greta Scacchi on playing the femme fatale.

'I had to marry her. She was knocked up!' — Don Johnson on why he got back together with Melanie Griffith.

'I once went to a party in this skin-tight lycra mini dress. As I was dancing away my skirt rode up to my waist. Then I remembered that I never wear underwear with tight clothes...' — Channel 4's *The Word* presenter Katie Puckrick.

'If I walk into a room and a guy doesn't turn his head and stare, he must be gay.' — Amazingly modest Kathleen Turner.

mayfair reads

Surgeons at Leicester Royal Infirmary are feeling more than the effects of government cutbacks — they're feeling pretty embarrassed too. A reduction in the number of new theatre gowns means that male surgeons have to wear nurses' dresses. Once the supply of clean overalls has run out, the red-faced doctors have to make do with what they can.

"There's nothing more disconcerting," noted one doctor, "than seeing a surgeon's hairy chest sticking out of the bit where a cleavage should be." *Daily Star*.

An American heiress lost out on a family fortune — because she was too fat. Chicago-born Carol Lopacich missed out on the wad from her parents' will because her business magnate mother couldn't stand to see her daughter overweight. Instead she left \$71 million to Carol's brother — who was already a millionaire. Carol — who tipped the scales at a

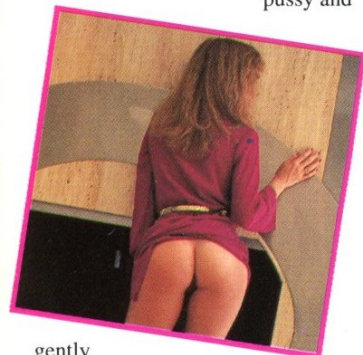
whopping 21 stone — managed to slim down to ten stone and went to visit her mother on her deathbed to show she could lose weight and get the will changed. However her mother was so ill that she didn't recognise the new slimline Carol and died without changing it. *Chicago Tribune*.

A man nearly got his meat cooked after he ran naked into a sausage factory. Birmingham building contractor Gerald Honeyman fled naked from his lover's house after her husband turned up unexpectedly. His only escape route was over the garden fence — which backed onto the local sausage factory. Heading for cover he ended up in the cooking plant and then ran through to the packing department.

"I didn't know whether to avert my eyes or wrap his wotsit in cellophane," commented one very surprised woman worker. *Birmingham Evening Post*.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26 magnificent erection, eight inches of thick, meaty cock, dwarfing my previous lover's by a couple of inches in length and width. We kissed as I grabbed his hot rod and he unzipped my dress and beautifully massaged my tingling breasts.

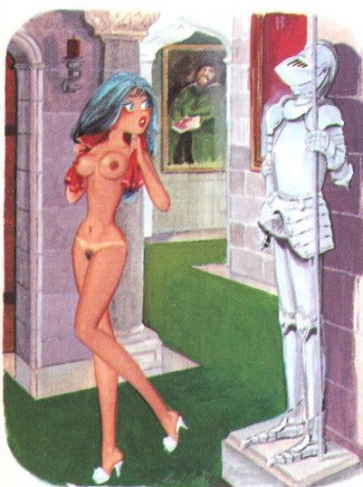
He loved my lingerie, especially my G-string, but quickly despatched it to my ankles before going into raptures about my natural red beaver. Tumbling onto the bed, we adopted the 69 position, me sucking noisily on his big cock, his bell-end bulging in my cheeks, while Dave tongued my pussy and



gently rubbed my clitoris which catapulted me into orgasm. My juices soaked the tops of my stockings.

I knelt astride him and speared my bearded clam on his thick, throbbing cock, howling as he plugged my pussy, going deeper and stretching me wider than I'd ever known before. I rode him hard and fast, taking all eight inches while he massaged my breasts and buttocks. I was close to climax and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



WANGER'S WHOPPERS

Stories of sex and the sporting life

"This is the life," thought Leslie Wanger as he jumped off the ski-lift onto the fresh snow. "Britain's best sportsman is on his hols!"

Wanger had an irritating but journalistically convenient habit of providing a running commentary on everything he did.

"Val D'Esire," he mumbled to himself. "Ski resort for the Royals and stars on the downward slope. And slap bang next to the Winter Olympics! There'll be top class tottie everywhere! Naturally, they'll all want to sleep with Britain's finest sportsman. Bugger! Could ruin my training schedule."

Wanger was resplendent in a pink Bodyglove ski-suit and plum-coloured helmet given to him by Olympic champion, Jean Claude Kille who had narrowly beaten him in the Men's Downhill in '74. It made him look like a prick.

Then suddenly... "Oh Hoorah!" came a high-pitched cry from behind him. "Fabby-tastic, Andy-poos!" Wanger froze in his tracks. If there was one thing he could sniff out faster than a used jockstrap, it was Royalty. Wanger loved the Royals.

Wanger's lifetime ambition was to be honoured for his sporting brilliance. Sir Len Hutton, Sir Garfield Sobers, Eric Bristow OBE... they'd all been recognised. So Wanger frantically brown-nosed around Royalty at every opportunity. In fact, on one occasion he'd spent so long sucking up to the Queen that he forgot to pick up the FA Cup after captaining the Gunners to victory at Wembley.

A great shock of orange hair popped out from behind a snow-covered bush. "Princess Fergie," blushed Wanger.

Wanger's suspicions were confirmed when, from behind the Royal horse-sized arse, came

Prince Andrew adjusting his zip.

"Gosh, I do love it when we fall over in the bushes Andy-pandy," squawked HRH.

"Look, old gal," said Andy. "It's that Wanger again."

"What already, dahling?"

"No, not that, gal, I mean old Lessie Wanger. Coooooee!"

Wanger stood to attention, as Andy's had earlier.

"Your majesties," he slobbered.

"Wot-ho Wanger! Cop this!"

Wanger felt a large snowball slide down the back of his neck.

"Oh hahahaha, your Royal Highness," he gushed. "What fun."

"See you around, Wanker!"

"You see, they all know my name," thought Wanger as the Royals skied off down the run.

Back in his chalet, Wanger was being helped out of his pink ski-suit by his French maid.

Winning Screw

"Eetz so 'ard to tell where z' suit ends and you begin!" she giggled.

Wanger looked up from the TV screen showing the video of his World Snooker Championship win to help the maid out of her frilly apron. The combination of a French nymphette in stilettos and stockings and Wanger's title winning screw on the final black was unbearably exciting.

"Oh darling," he groaned, as the maid grasped for Wanger's wanger. "Could you turn the TV up a bit?"

"...And Wanger's screwed it into the top pocket. He's the champion!" As Ted Lowe's voice came over the speakers, Wanger came all over the maid's apron.

"Oh you sportsmen do everyting so fast," she sighed.

Wanger headed back for the slopes. He jumped onto a chair lift and rode up for the olympic run.

Still dazed, Wanger wasn't sure

where he was going. He stared at the strangely familiar square head in front of him. It turned around. A huge gappy grin and ratty 'tache greeted him.

"Bloody hell," Wanger exclaimed. "It's Eddie the Eagle!"

"I never knew you were entering the 90 metre ski-jump," he said.

"I'm not!" screamed Wanger. "Let me off!"

But there was no way out. He was standing at the top of a 90 metre ski slope, and if that wasn't dangerous enough, he was with Eddie the Eagle Edwards.

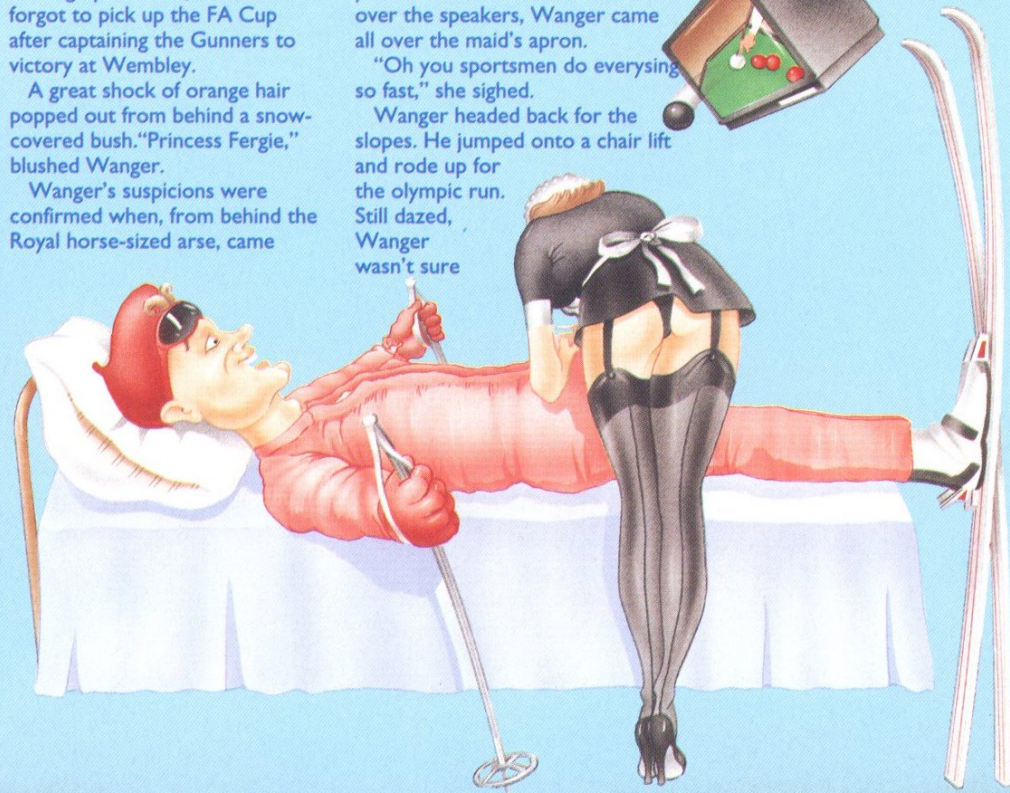
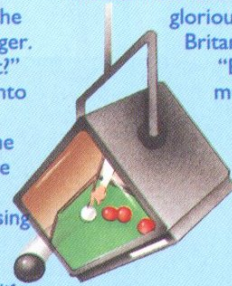
The Eagle jumped onto the slope and began trundling down, Wanger still holding on for dear life. They flew down the jump together. The Eagle soared. Wanger soared with him. The Eagle bellyflopped groundwards, but Wanger flew on. After flying a record breaking 453 metres, Wanger descended gracefully — not wanting to spoil the line of his ski-suit. The crowd roared!

One hour later Wanger was standing on the medal rostrum. He bent forward to collect his gold from Prince Andrew.

"Well done!" said Andy. "A wanker can handle everything, eh?"

"Hahaha, very good, sir," grovelled Wanger. "Tell your mother I did it for her and our glorious country. Rule Britannia!"

"Bloody hell..." mumbled Fergie.



a couple of sharp, upward thrusts from Dave triggered off a stormer which I heralded in loud screams and howls.

Now he was dominant, guiding me onto all fours, grasping the brass bed-head while he rogered me from behind. The penetration was very, very deep. So in control was Dave that he waited until



I was climaxing again before flooding me with his boiling load.

We slept before Dave had me again in the shower the next morning leaving me totally relaxed for the photo session that morning in Dave's studio. I was so confident that I posed nude for Dave, although only topless shots will be sent to the agency. Dave's favourite shot now hangs framed and enlarged above his bed. In it I'm

ANOTHER FISHY FACT

The koi carp is in fact no more shy than any other fish, having no trouble getting off with girls even though its name is an anagram of crap oik.

wearing my red heart G-string — it reminds him of our first night of sex though there have been plenty more since! Debbie & Dave, Crewe

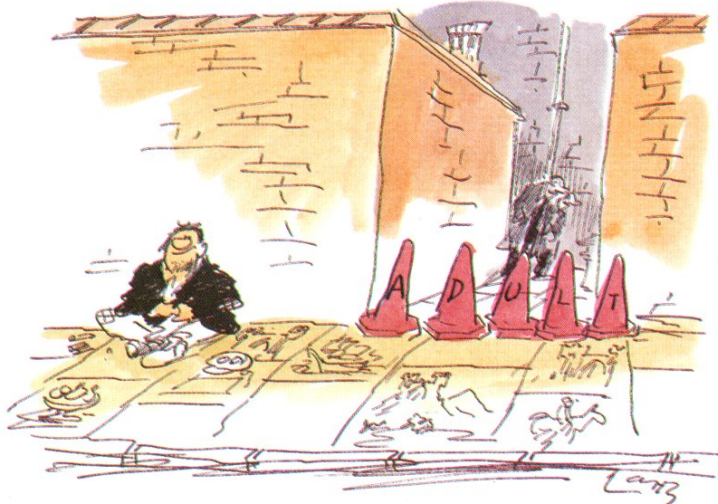
LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

Once every month I meet up with with my best friend and we go out for a night on the town together, but this month — after sitting by myself in the pub for an hour where we usually meet — I realised that she wasn't going to turn up. So I left the pub to go home. I was a bit disappointed but at least I had my boyfriend's cock to go home to, or so I thought. So you can imagine how surprised I was when I walked up the garden path to see all the lights off in the house and found the front door locked.

I knew Dave was in and I wondered what he was up to so I peeped through a crack in the curtains. There inside, lit only by the warm glow of romantic candles, were my boyfriend Dave and our next door neighbour Carolyn making love on the floor.

Obviously they hadn't heard me approach. I wasn't so much angry, as amazed as I watched the two of them. Carolyn's body looked absolutely beautiful in the candlelight and I could fully understand exactly what Dave saw in her. After they finished fucking Carolyn looked up and saw my face at the window. She screamed, "Oh my God! Jenny, I'm so sorry!" so loud that I could hear her outside.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



SPORTS flash!



Professional golfer Paul 'Gazza' Gascoigne set tongues wagging when he was caught handling in the penalty area of 16-year-old Sally Darby at last month's Spurs' FA Cup clash with Aston Villa.

Amongst other things, Gazza grabbed the headlines

but none of the tasteful tabloids could show the full extent of the inside-cleft's naughty antics. So here's an exclusive Mayfair action replay taken from the touchline. Now back over to Desmond Lynam in the studio...



CONNECTIONS

More links that are looser than a stripper's undies...

Model Maria Whittaker is a beautiful young brunette with quite a lot up top



Dave was looking at me, shocked as well, and was still stuttering a garbled apology when he opened the front door to let me in. I told them not to apologise as I had had a couple of flings myself and it had certainly done no harm to my relationship with Dave. In fact, I explained, I was so turned by watching the two of them at

it that I desperately wanted to join in. Dave was quick to invite me to join them and he rushed to undo my dress for me.

Carolyn looked at Dave and they both got the hint, then they quickly pulled me to the floor and Carolyn

ANOTHER FISHY FACT

Would you believe the goldfish is not made of gold? Instead 90 per cent of its bodyweight is made up of breadcrumbs fed to it by stupid old ladies.

started brushing her soft lips against mine, pushing her hot tongue deep into my mouth. My hands were soon exploring her freshly-screwed and sweaty body, rolling her erect nipples with my fingers before moving her up so they were in my mouth. I chewed them gently, and her groans started to become more intense. My fanny was dying for some urgent attention, so I opened my legs and Dave quickly moved between them. I guided Carolyn so that her cunt was over my mouth and every action that Dave did I



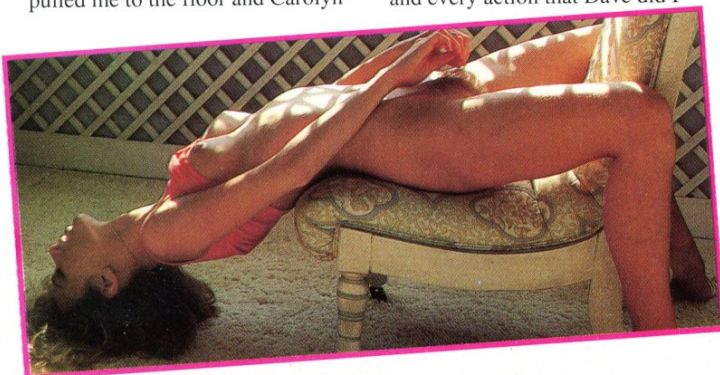
copied on Carolyn. Even though I'd never done this before her moans were telling me she was really enjoying her first bi-sexual encounter. Carolyn was squirming, crying out my name in joy as I frantically plunged my tongue inside her, exploring every part of her sweet cunt and savouring her tangy juices.

Dave was still working hard on my aching pussy, but I really wanted to see if Carolyn could do any better. I pushed Dave's head away from my cunt and then moved Carolyn in. She certainly had a very exciting action, doing delicate little flickers of her tongue all around the entrance my cunt, before quickly

plunging her tongue deep inside my love tunnel. I grasped her long hair with my fingers as I came over and over again, flooding her mouth with my sticky love juice.

By this time Dave had an immense erection, but he was torn between who to stick it into first. I think he wanted to play it safe though and he quickly mounted me. Carol then tickled Dave's heavy balls with her fingernails till he shot his sticky load deep inside me.

Now Carolyn spends many an evening round our place. Whoever said that two's company, but three's a crowd obviously didn't have Carolyn, Dave and me in mind! Jenny, Reading **M**



Next month in Mayfair

Once again we bring you the hottest bots, the brightest boobs, and the coolest blonde since records began — Keera!

**Volume 27 Number 3
is on sale March 12.**



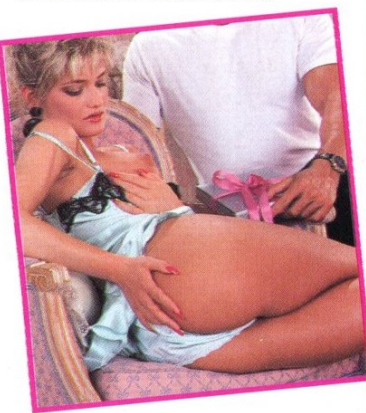
by watching other people at it. She'd come back early from a date and caught us in a steamy 69, but when she realised what was going on she made no move to leave the room.

"Don't stop on my account!" she laughed. "My date didn't work out tonight, so maybe watching you will work off some of my frustration!"

I wasn't sure about the idea, but Susie just carried on as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and I got the impression they must have done this kind of thing before. And I did feel pretty excited at the idea of someone getting horny just by watching us, so I guess that's why I slid my tongue right back into Susie's cunt and groaned with satisfaction as I felt her hot mouth wrap around my dick once more.

For a while we were totally engrossed in each other, but after I'd shot my load down Susie's throat and she'd swallowed every drop, I looked up to see Eleanor sitting on the floor, her skirt up around her waist as she shoved her fingers in and out of her cunt.

The sight of her wet pussy had such an effect on me that in seconds I was hard again and ready to fuck Susie from behind — a position which meant I could keep my eyes on Eleanor at the same time.



Later the girls admitted that they had done this before. Eleanor said it really got her off to watch other people fuck, while Susie said it made her feel really dirty to be watched getting shagged. I feel the same, so Eleanor has become a regular part of our sex life — and as she always plays with herself, does a sexy striptease or takes photos of us, she's added a lot of spice to the relationship! T R, West London

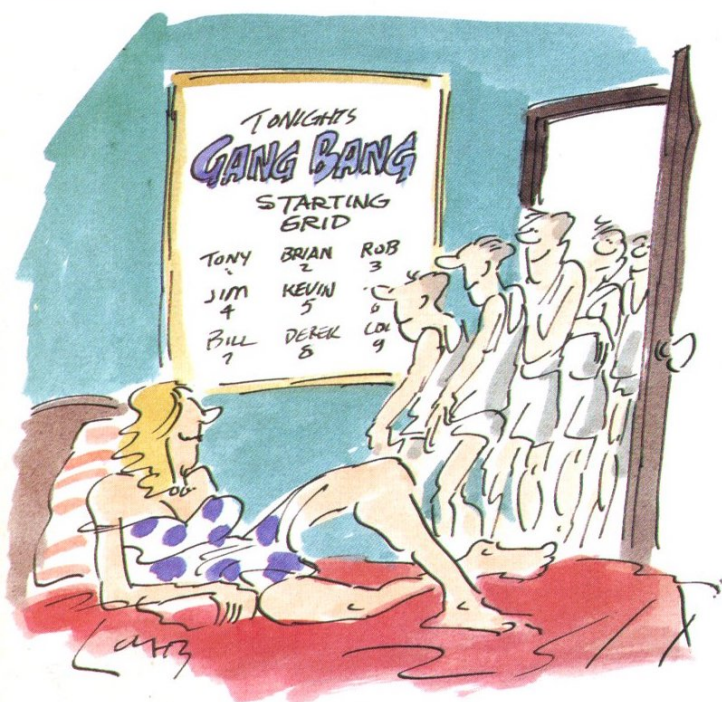
PICTURE THIS!

My new lover Dave is an avid *Mayfair* reader and asked me to write to you about our affair which began back in May when I answered an advert in the local press for 'Models wanted' for a local photographic club.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

ANOTHER FISHY FACT

Amazingly, considering its odd name, the catfish cannot see in the dark, climb curtains, catch mice or attract the opposite sex by pissing on your carpet!



MONEY M

PORN FREE

I know, you don't give a hard ECU about European free trade and the effect on Britain's Unbalance of Payments (already more badly overdrawn than a Rolf Harris cartoon). But there's one great advantage to economic union that might have you sitting up and taking notice, if only from the waist down. For the first time ever, Britain should become a net importer of — filth! No, not nuclear waste, which we already collect and lay down in this country as if, with age, it might turn into a vintage wine, I mean porn — real porn, porn with a harder core than an under-ripe Golden Delicious.

Now you can forget the magazines 'cos none of them have the class of arse you get in *Mayfair*, but soon the video market will be crowded with everything from *Germanic Rubber-Clad Lesbians Do It in Porridge* to Amsterdam's idea of a Donkey Derby. Of course, you won't be able to get them in Woolworth's for £9.99, but 'Dirty Mac' Donald's Video Store will have a few to take out, so long as they have an 18R certificate.

At least, that's the theory. What happens when Mary Whitehouse gets sent a copy of *Belgian She-Devil Cock Suckers on the Job* is altogether another matter.

HANDY WALL HOLE?

It's Saturday night and you've just pulled. All you require is some cash to get a cab to take her back to your place. You need a hole-in-the-wall cash dispenser. A trail of discarded receipts leads you to a brilliantly lit machine. Unfortunately...

- 1) It's almost certainly the wrong sort of machine...
- 2) ...if it isn't it's empty
- 3) It tells you the central computer has broken down and gives you details of holidays in the Algarve instead
- 4) It's surrounded by guys with coshes and DMs just waiting to mug you
- 5) It's covered in puke
- 6) It swallows your card 'cos you're too pissed to remember your PIN
- 7) It swallows your card for no reason whatsoever
- 8) It gives you money but the wind blows it down the High Street
- 9) It tells you that although your balance is £2,543.62, the amount available is £2.49
- 10) It spends so long advertising carloans, other accounts, travellers cheques and holidays in the Algarve, she gets pissed off and catches a bus without you.

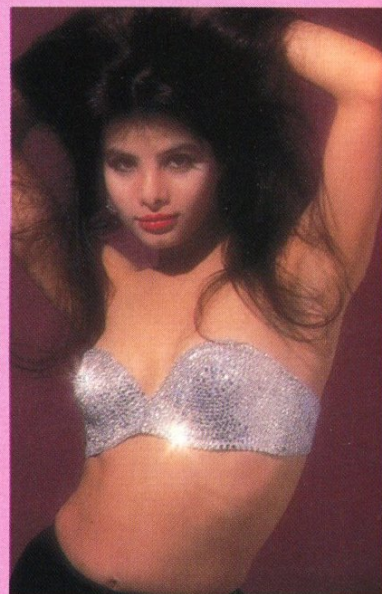


VISA FOOLISH THINGS

Nowadays practically everybody does it with plastic — and I'm not talking about pervy performances in PVC. In fact it has become so commonplace that it is hard to imagine how one might manage without a credit card. But you might start giving it some thought...

Until recently, by buying at the beginning of the month and then paying your Access/Visa bill in full at the last moment, it was possible to get seven weeks free credit. With a credit limit of £2,500, you could even bung it in the building society, then repay it every month, with no cost to you at all. That's £250 for money that isn't yours! Naturally, the people at Rroyds (the Tight Arsed Bank) and the like didn't reckon much to this, so they've started charging monthly for credit cards, even if you never use them.

BILLION



MAYFAIR



Most sneaky must be Birowank plc (the Post-it-and-Hope Bank). They don't charge for their Visa card *but....* if you accidentally forget to make a payment, there is a whopping charge of £12 (in addition to their huge rate of interest). If they then have to send you a reminder there's another charge on top of that! So if you go on holiday and forget to pay your Visa bill before the due date, you could get charged at least £24 even if you then pay the bill in full with interest!

WHO'S VAT GIRL?

Highly-rated *Mayfair* model Jane got a shock recently when she realised that she was so successful she'd have to register for VAT (payable by the self-employed with income exceeding £35,000). Now slowly she's learning the art of invoicing and filling out returns. "Until recently, the only time anyone

mentioned turnover to me was when they wanted a bum shot!" joked Jane. "I can't wait for them to run their fingers down my figures and inspect my business assets — what you see here is all there is!" We wouldn't mind 17 and a half percent of that ourselves!

LIMITED COMPANY

Prostitution is big business — literally! Several celebrity streetwalkers have not only gone legit, but actually formed limited companies (turning their whips etc into tax deductible business assets). Of course anyone can become one (a limited company that is, not a prostitute) — you can even buy one 'off-the-shelf' for about £100, providing you don't mind having the crap name they give you. However for the average one-man business, being limited is a pain in the arse because:

- 1) You have to have officially audited accounts sent to Companies House
- 2) If you make a profit you could find yourself paying Corporation Tax on top of Income Tax
- 3) You have to have a Registered Office, so they can find you easily!

However, for prostitutes who don't want to walk the streets there's one big advantage. A lot of rented Central London property is 'business let'. That means the owner will only rent the flat to a limited company on a contract basis — handy if he wants to chuck the tenant out at any time. But landlords might like to know that pros make excellent tenants too. They don't use much electricity, it's in their interest to keep the place looking smart and they only wear out one piece of furniture!

DOLLAR BOOBIES

Girls — looking for an investment that'll stop your endowments from flopping like the second BT share issue? Then put your assets into diamonds and your cups could runneth over. Bounce out now and you could get your hands on this

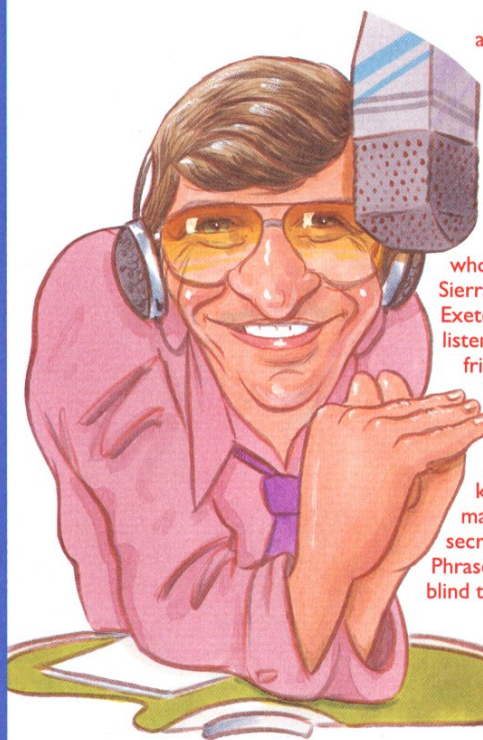


jewel-purpose money maker — a bra that is not only warmly appreciated but appreciated in the warm. What better way to hold your glittering

prizes, and turn them into safe snug nest-eggs?

The bra, designed by jeweller to the stars Andre Van Piere, will make you look a billion dollars because that's reputedly what it's worth, and unlike your other treasure chest, this one will actually go up over the years! Your only problem could be asset strippers trying to get your rocks off. But keep your little bundles close to your chest and you should be safe enough. If you wear it late at night, we do recommend third party insurance. This will cover you against theft after the first two parties you attend.

Rumours are flying around that high street jewellers, Ratners, will be producing a rival in one carat gold plate, but the Managing Director says they are crap. So, incidentally, are the rumours.



anyone, that's not Simes' style, but I think that's a message a lot of us could take notice of.

And speaking of messages... Got a message here for Bob Nibble, a sales-rep who's currently driving his Sierra somewhere in the Exeter area. If you're listening Bob, your girlfriend, Corrine says: "Hope you crash, you bastard." She says you'll understand what that means! You know, it's incredible how many couples have these secret sexy code languages. Phrases that don't mean a blind thing to anyone else. Put your foot down, Bob, you lucky fella!

And before you jam the switchboards, I didn't mean

Diary

Simon Bates

Madonna has knockers. But, you know, to me these knockers are, literally, insignificant. Because, and I think this is worth bearing in mind not just in this instance, but in general too, anyone can be a knocker; not many people can be an artist, and I believe she is an artist, who has entertained, given pleasure to, literally, millions and zillions of people.

Some of us — and I'm not bragging here, it's just part of my job at wonderful One FM — some of us have been fortunate enough to meet Madonna. When I was in this lucky position, as I was in Hyde Park a few months ago, I told her just what I'm telling you now — to ignore the knockers.

Now, Madonna, being the instinctively private person that she is, replied to my observations, my pearl of wisdom, if you like, through one of her close companions. I'm going to quote this answer in full because, and I think this is really, really significant, it gives an amazing insight into the life of one of the, literally, most brilliant performers in history. Madonna replied, through her personal assistant, a big hunk of a guy, named Gino: "Outta the way, specy, or I'll beat the crap outta ya!" Which, I guess, tells you how single-minded you have to be to get to the top, not just in the world of Pop, Rock, call it what you will, but in literally every other walk of life. Now, I don't like to preach at

any offence to the partially, or totally, unsighted by using that phrase 'blind thing'. It's just, literally, a figure of speech. So if there are any unsighted guys, or ladies, reading this, then forgive me. I know blindness must be a terrible thing, because many unsighted people listen to my morning show.

Now, I'm known, rightly or wrongly, it's not for me to say, as a 'Master Of Broadcasting'. Which, I guess, is why so many of the letters that arrive for me here at the Beeb are addressed to 'Master' Bates.

You know, I don't know the exact number, but there must have been literally hundreds, asking me, calling on me, I suppose you might say, to name the three, in my, and I must stress this, in my opinion, the three most important figures of the 20th century. So, using this opportunity, I'd like to reply, if I may, to all those letters simultaneously and, literally, all at once:

Mother Theresa
Mikhail Gorbachev
Keith Chegwin

Now, I know alotta you out there are going to be scratching your heads and saying that there's one man on that list who shouldn't be there, who's a controversial choice, if you like. But, and remember this is strictly my opinion, as far as I'm concerned Mr Gorbachev has done more than anyone else to bring about the end, literally, of the Cold War. Some people may not agree with me and suggest that Gorbachev was a bald, blinkered old fool, but I'm not one of those people. Because, as I think I mentioned earlier: I'm not interested in knockers.

I had been made redundant and had decided to put my secret modelling ambitions to the test, having long believed my pretty face, long red hair, slim legs and 36B-24-34 figure to be as good as anything on 'Page Three'. Nervous but needing some experience, I arrived at the large private house at about seven o'clock

as agreed and met the group, about six middle-aged men all covered in expensive cameras while the lounge was lit by arc lamps as a mock studio.

I had made it clear that I did topless work only, not letting on that it was my first time other than on foreign beaches. I was nervous at first but knew that my boobs were round and firm and they drew warm compliments from the photographers when I bared them.



My long legs clad in white stockings and my firm buttocks exposed by my G-string also drew gasps of admiration. Soon I was loving all the attention and was sad when it was all over.

Later, dressed in a loose shell suit, I chatted to my photographers who all praised me and was then introduced to Dave. Behind the lights and cameras I hadn't realized what a handsome man he was — but I did now! Tall, blond and very good-looking, I fancied him immediately. Even more so as he seemed shy, since I hate brash, cocky men. However, as we chatted he settled down and I found him

ANOTHER FISHY FACT

The dogfish is also something of a misnomer. Neither the male or female of the species barks, bites postmen or humps your leg unexpectedly when you're trying to chat up a girl at a party.



witty and very charming despite the age gap. (Dave is 34 and I'm 19). I was delighted when he asked me out to dinner.

Dave took me to an extremely posh restaurant. I was wearing a velvet, strapless dress with black, seamed stockings, lacy suspender belt and my favourite G-string — a red silk heart trimmed in white lace which barely covered the natural red triangle beneath.

After a great meal we got into Dave's red Porsche and sped through the countryside. Being more relaxed, Dave explained that he was divorced and running his

own business, but that photography was his real passion. He showed me the prints of the photos that he had taken of me that day and I was over the moon about them. My boobs looked great, and Dave was a good photographer. I asked him if he could do some more of me and he asked when. "Tomorrow," I said smiling, "when we get out of bed."

When we arrived at his bungalow I went straight to his bedroom. Dave soon arrived carrying wine and glasses — and he was stark naked! Between his legs was a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

YOU THE

A new reader service from Mayfair — the only magazine without its own 0898 numbers.



mayfair hears

'Sex is great when you're famous. People try harder in bed!' — Profundities courtesy of George Michael.

'I get offered lots of film roles for sexy women who have a lot of guts. 'Vaginas with Teeth' I call them.' — Gorgeous girl on film, Greta Scacchi on playing the femme fatale.

'I had to marry her. She was knocked up!' — Don Johnson on why he got back together with Melanie Griffith.

'I once went to a party in this skin-tight lycra mini dress. As I was dancing away my skirt rode up to my waist. Then I remembered that I never wear underwear with tight clothes...' — Channel 4's *The Word* presenter Katie Puckrick.

'If I walk into a room and a guy doesn't turn his head and stare, he must be gay.' — Amazingly modest Kathleen Turner.

mayfair reads

Surgeons at Leicester Royal Infirmary are feeling more than the effects of government cutbacks — they're feeling pretty embarrassed too. A reduction in the number of new theatre gowns means that male surgeons have to wear nurses' dresses. Once the supply of clean overalls has run out, the red-faced doctors have to make do with what they can.

"There's nothing more disconcerting," noted one doctor, "than seeing a surgeon's hairy chest sticking out of the bit where a cleavage should be." *Daily Star*.

An American heiress lost out on a family fortune — because she was too fat. Chicago-born Carol Lopacich missed out on the wad from her parents' will because her business magnate mother couldn't stand to see her daughter overweight. Instead she left \$71 million to Carol's brother — who was already a millionaire. Carol — who tipped the scales at a

whopping 21 stone — managed to slim down to ten stone and went to visit her mother on her deathbed to show she could lose weight and get the will changed. However her mother was so ill that she didn't recognise the new slimline Carol and died without changing it. *Chicago Tribune*.

A man nearly got his meat cooked after he ran naked into a sausage factory. Birmingham building contractor Gerald Honeyman fled naked from his lover's house after her husband turned up unexpectedly. His only escape route was over the garden fence — which backed onto the local sausage factory. Heading for cover he ended up in the cooking plant and then ran through to the packing department.

"I didn't know whether to avert my eyes or wrap his wotsit in cellophane," commented one very surprised woman worker. *Birmingham Evening Post*.

JURY...

Every month we will bring you the burning issues of the day, and ask 'what do you think?' Politics, Greens, whose round is it? We ask the questions, and you give us the answers. Today we turn our

attention to a craze that has swept the whole world: **Bimbo Pop**.

KYLIE

Age: 23ish

Hair: Blonde

Figure: Pencil slim

Talents: Sings well, acts badly

Personality: Bouncy but a bit prim

Favourite clothes: Glittery shorts, bras with nothing much in

Career to date: Appeared in *Neighbours* before having a string of hits in Britain. Has since made a couple of forgettable films.

Gorgeous, good-looking girls are flying high in the charts despite records with indifferent melodies and a relentless, repetitive beat. Are these sexy singers true entertainers providing an aural and visual feast, or just talentless strumpets making millions of pounds as an adolescent aid to masturbation?

What we want to know is this. Which do you fancy most — Dannii or Kylie? Here's an amazing fact file to help you to decide...

DANNII

Age: A bit younger

Hair: Brunette

Figure: Puppy fat

Talents: Sings badly, acts... well?

Personality: Rude and raunchy

Favourite clothes: Leather, denim and pervy gear. Big bras full to overflowing!

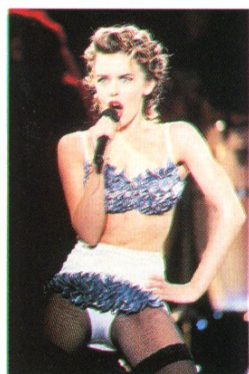
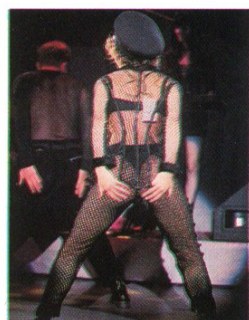
Career to date: Started as a pop singer before being offered a role in *Home and Away*. Now more successful in the charts than Kylie.

So which do you fancy?

Send a postcard to *You the Jury*, Mayfair, 2 Archer St, London W1V 7HE marking your card either **KYLIE** or **DANNII** (if it's Jason you're reading the wrong mag). We'll publish the results of our poll in a future edition. Another burning issue next month...

Please note: Postage charged at

24 pence (at peak rate) and 18 pence (off peak).



KNOCKERS OUT

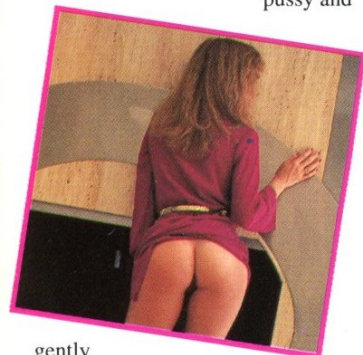


Women's boxing may have its knockers but an eyeful of Valerie Henin's round ones will change any split decision. The super-sexy-welter weight world champion from Nancy in France doesn't mess a bout when she's in the ring. Her punch has knocked out as many guys as her fighting-fit figure! Let's hope she doesn't end up with cauliflower boobs, know what I mean Harry?



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26 magnificent erection, eight inches of thick, meaty cock, dwarfing my previous lover's by a couple of inches in length and width. We kissed as I grabbed his hot rod and he unzipped my dress and beautifully massaged my tingling breasts.

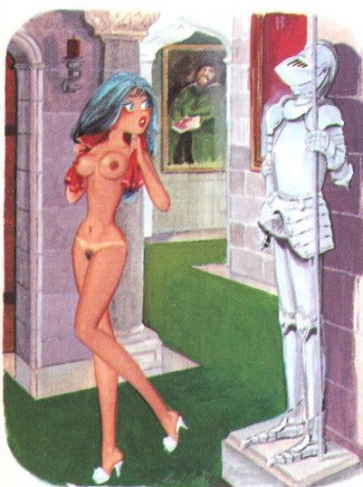
He loved my lingerie, especially my G-string, but quickly despatched it to my ankles before going into raptures about my natural red beaver. Tumbling onto the bed, we adopted the 69 position, me sucking noisily on his big cock, his bell-end bulging in my cheeks, while Dave tongued my pussy and



gently rubbed my clitoris which catapulted me into orgasm. My juices soaked the tops of my stockings.

I knelt astride him and speared my bearded clam on his thick, throbbing cock, howling as he plugged my pussy, going deeper and stretching me wider than I'd ever known before. I rode him hard and fast, taking all eight inches while he massaged my breasts and buttocks. I was close to climax and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



WANGER'S WHOPPERS

Stories of sex and the sporting life

"This is the life," thought Leslie Wanger as he jumped off the ski-lift onto the fresh snow. "Britain's best sportsman is on his hols!"

Wanger had an irritating but journalistically convenient habit of providing a running commentary on everything he did.

"Val D'Esire," he mumbled to himself. "Ski resort for the Royals and stars on the downward slope. And slap bang next to the Winter Olympics! There'll be top class tottie everywhere! Naturally, they'll all want to sleep with Britain's finest sportsman. Bugger! Could ruin my training schedule."

Wanger was resplendent in a pink Bodyglove ski-suit and plum-coloured helmet given to him by Olympic champion, Jean Claude Kille who had narrowly beaten him in the Men's Downhill in '74. It made him look like a prick.

Then suddenly... "Oh Hoorah!" came a high-pitched cry from behind him. "Fabby-tastic, Andy-poops!" Wanger froze in his tracks. If there was one thing he could sniff out faster than a used jockstrap, it was Royalty. Wanger loved the Royals.

Wanger's lifetime ambition was to be honoured for his sporting brilliance. Sir Len Hutton, Sir Garfield Sobers, Eric Bristow OBE... they'd all been recognised. So Wanger frantically brown-nosed around Royalty at every opportunity. In fact, on one occasion he'd spent so long sucking up to the Queen that he forgot to pick up the FA Cup after captaining the Gunners to victory at Wembley.

A great shock of orange hair popped out from behind a snow-covered bush. "Princess Fergie," blushed Wanger.

Wanger's suspicions were confirmed when, from behind the Royal horse-sized arse, came

Prince Andrew adjusting his zip.

"Gosh, I do love it when we fall over in the bushes Andy-pandy," squawked HRH.

"Look, old gal," said Andy. "It's that Wanger again."

"What already, dahling?"

"No, not that, gal, I mean old Lessie Wanger. Coooooee!"

Wanger stood to attention, as Andy's had earlier.

"Your majesties," he slobbered.

"Wot-ho Wanger! Cop this!"

Wanger felt a large snowball slide down the back of his neck.

"Oh hahahaha, your Royal Highness," he gushed. "What fun."

"See you around, Wanker!"

"You see, they all know my name," thought Wanger as the Royals skied off down the run.

Back in his chalet, Wanger was being helped out of his pink ski-suit by his French maid.

Winning Screw

"Eetz so 'ard to tell where z' suit ends and you begin!" she giggled.

Wanger looked up from the TV screen showing the video of his World Snooker Championship win to help the maid out of her frilly apron. The combination of a French nymphette in stilettos and stockings and Wanger's title winning screw on the final black was unbearably exciting.

"Oh darling," he groaned, as the maid grasped for Wanger's wanger. "Could you turn the TV up a bit?"

"...And Wanger's screwed it into the top pocket. He's the champion!" As Ted Lowe's voice came over the speakers, Wanger came all over the maid's apron.

"Oh you sportsmen do everyting so fast," she sighed.

Wanger headed back for the slopes. He jumped onto a chair lift and rode up for the olympic run.

Still dazed, Wanger wasn't sure

where he was going. He stared at the strangely familiar square head in front of him. It turned around. A huge gappy grin and ratty 'tache greeted him.

"Bloody hell," Wanger exclaimed. "It's Eddie the Eagle!"

"I never knew you were entering the 90 metre ski-jump," he said.

"I'm not!" screamed Wanger. "Let me off!"

But there was no way out. He was standing at the top of a 90 metre ski slope, and if that wasn't dangerous enough, he was with Eddie the Eagle Edwards.

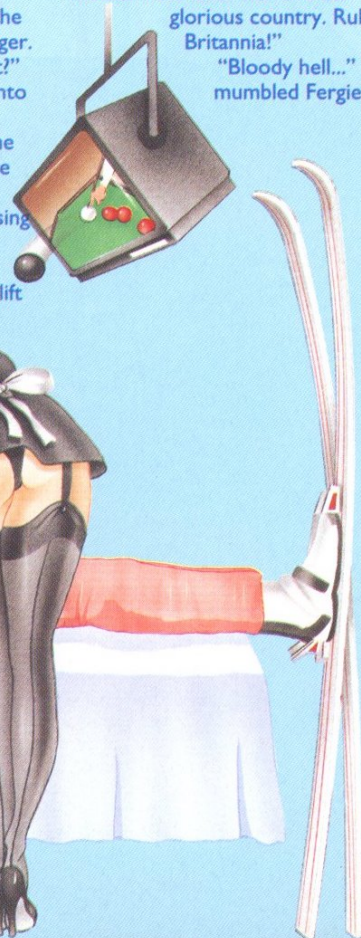
The Eagle jumped onto the slope and began trundling down, Wanger still holding on for dear life. They flew down the jump together. The Eagle soared. Wanger soared with him. The Eagle bellyflopped groundwards, but Wanger flew on. After flying a record breaking 453 metres, Wanger descended gracefully — not wanting to spoil the line of his ski-suit. The crowd roared!

One hour later Wanger was standing on the medal rostrum. He bent forward to collect his gold from Prince Andrew.

"Well done!" said Andy. "A wanker can handle everything, eh?"

"Hahaha, very good, sir," grovelled Wanger. "Tell your mother I did it for her and our glorious country. Rule Britannia!"

"Bloody hell..." mumbled Fergie.



a couple of sharp, upward thrusts from Dave triggered off a stormer which I heralded in loud screams and howls.

Now he was dominant, guiding me onto all fours, grasping the brass bed-head while he rogered me from behind. The penetration was very, very deep. So in control was Dave that he waited until



I was climaxing again before flooding me with his boiling load.

We slept before Dave had me again in the shower the next morning leaving me totally relaxed for the photo session that morning in Dave's studio. I was so confident that I posed nude for Dave, although only topless shots will be sent to the agency. Dave's favourite shot now hangs framed and enlarged above his bed. In it I'm

ANOTHER FISHY FACT

The koi carp is in fact no more shy than any other fish, having no trouble getting off with girls even though its name is an anagram of crap oik.

wearing my red heart G-string — it reminds him of our first night of sex though there have been plenty more since! Debbie & Dave, Crewe

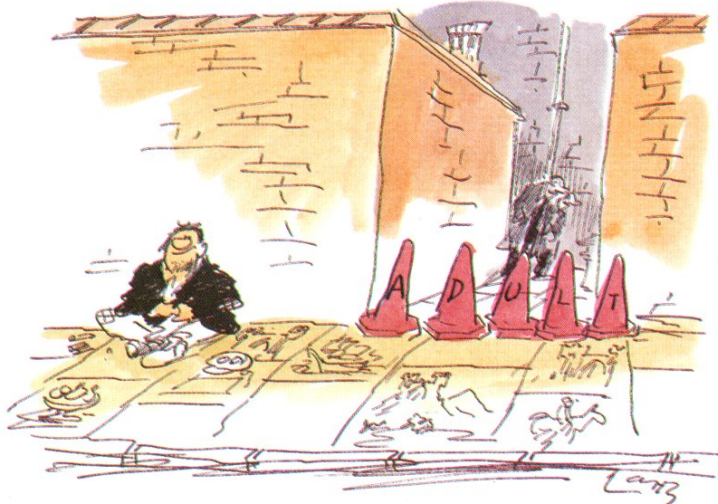
LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

Once every month I meet up with with my best friend and we go out for a night on the town together, but this month — after sitting by myself in the pub for an hour where we usually meet — I realised that she wasn't going to turn up. So I left the pub to go home. I was a bit disappointed but at least I had my boyfriend's cock to go home to, or so I thought. So you can imagine how surprised I was when I walked up the garden path to see all the lights off in the house and found the front door locked.

I knew Dave was in and I wondered what he was up to so I peeped through a crack in the curtains. There inside, lit only by the warm glow of romantic candles, were my boyfriend Dave and our next door neighbour Carolyn making love on the floor.

Obviously they hadn't heard me approach. I wasn't so much angry, as amazed as I watched the two of them. Carolyn's body looked absolutely beautiful in the candlelight and I could fully understand exactly what Dave saw in her. After they finished fucking Carolyn looked up and saw my face at the window. She screamed, "Oh my God! Jenny, I'm so sorry!" so loud that I could hear her outside.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



SPORTS flash!



Professional golfer Paul 'Gazza' Gascoigne set tongues wagging when he was caught handling in the penalty area of 16-year-old Sally Darby at last month's Spurs' FA Cup clash with Aston Villa.

Amongst other things, Gazza grabbed the headlines

but none of the tasteful tabloids could show the full extent of the inside-cleft's naughty antics. So here's an exclusive Mayfair action replay taken from the touchline. Now back over to Desmond Lynam in the studio...



CONNECTIONS

More links that are looser than a stripper's undies...

Model Maria Whittaker is a beautiful young brunette with quite a lot up top



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX

SPAIN

If it's happening anywhere, you can be sure it's happening in Spain. Your rough guide to the world's hot-spots, Cliff Wicket, takes you to the land of all-night parties and all-day hangovers...

For a sex-filled fortnight with plenty of sun, sea and sangria, why not try Spain? As well as the traditional tourist traps, Spain is home to fascinating architecture, fabulous food and frightening separatist terrorism. It's the land of the package holiday and cruelty to animals; a country where a lip is essential to the language, all the men look like waiters, but the girls could be fashion models.

WOMEN

Spanish women include stylish, swarthy sirens with Spanish eyes and black hair down to their bums with names like Carmina or Maria; red-hot brunettes with fiery tempers and Spanish thighs with names like Carmen and Paloma; and little women over a hundred years old with a hunch-back and a handful of worry beads. Their names aren't important.

Spanish señoritas are the sexiest girls on the Med and are great between the sheets. And remember, even the old ladies were señoritas once, which is why they look so knackered.

Getting there couldn't be easier, with 300 flights leaving every two minutes during the summer. The national airline is Iberian Airways, and not, as is often thought, Spanish Fly.

ESSENTIAL LINGO

Vete a tomar por culo: fuck off
Cara de co-no: cunt face
Cojones: bollocks (so if your name is C.O.Jones, watch out)
Hijo puta: son of a whore
Cerveza: beer

Once there you can bask in the hot sun, bathe in the cold sea, or get in a cold sweat seeing a hot Basque. Part of Spain was built for tourists, and the rest is still under construction. But if it's a taste of the real Spain you want, quiet village life lies only a few minutes drive from the hurly burly of every town. There you'll find farmers tending the land the way they always have, using horse-drawn ploughs and swearing straight out of the Old Testament — with equally traditional starving children on every corner. Y Viva Espana!



FIVE FAMOUS SPANIARDS

Explorer Christopher Columbus who discovered that the world was round; artist Pablo Picasso who thought it was a cube; General Franco who was squarer still; Seve Ballesteros who is usually under par playing 18 holes; and Julio Iglesias who claims to be above par after playing with several thousand.

SPANISH INVENTIONS

Paella
The Basque
Stuffed donkeys
The Seat Ibiza
Diarrhoea

SPANISH FACTS

The police chief in the town of Inca on the Spanish Island of Majorca staged a major crack-down on kissing in public. The fine of 500 pesetas was imposed. Thirty couples protested which between them cost p 45,000.

A men-only bingo hall in Granada became extremely popular. The reason? The top prize was the 'services' of a young woman. Unfortunately a killjoy came along and decided that the fun had to end in 1984.

BARCELONA

Until ten years ago Barcelona on the south coast was largely unheard of. However, since its exposure on BBC1's Fawlty Towers, it has become the cultural centre of Spain, the largest seaport in Europe, and will be the site of the 1992 Olympic games. Ironically, despite this amazing PR coup, John Cleese is still regarded by the Catalan locals as a twat. *Places to go:* The Picasso Museum to see the priceless old art; the Ramblas to see the pricey

old tarts; and the Temple of Sagrada Familia to see what drugs and tarts did to Gaudi.

Local greeting: "You English? You Olympith Star? You Lith McColdan? And you Krith Akabussth? Etc..."

Hazards: Autograph hunters; the winners of the Question of Sport competition on their prize trip to the Games; and gangs of drug-addicted pick-pocketing thugs on cultural exchanges from Eastern Europe.

MADRID

When Barcelona bagged the Games, Madrid sulked till it was given the meaningless title of European Capital of Culture 1992. Indeed, Madrid has the culture but most of it is drug-related. And what works of art they once had have been stolen on the crest of the highest crime wave to hit the city since the Inquisition.

Places to go: Plaza Mayor to eat; the bars to see flamenco dancers strut their stuff; and the bullring to experience cruel and meaningless bloodlust thinly disguised as entertainment.

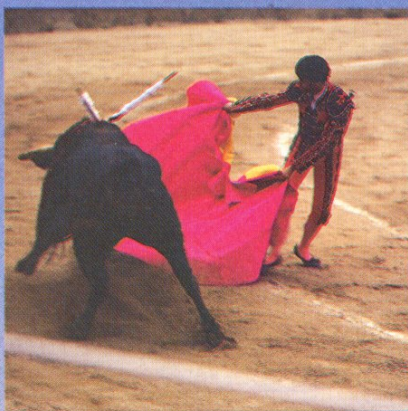
Local greeting: "You can't beat a bit of bully!"

Hazards: Crossing the road; dancers of dubious sexuality in very tight trousers; attempting to ask for a pint of beer in Spanish and inadvertently calling King Juan Carlos a cunt.

GRANADA

Named after a large 1970s Ford motorcar often used by DI Regan in TV's The Sweeney, Granada is not to be mistaken for a service station on the M6 near Carlisle. This beautiful city is said to be the most romantic place on the Iberian peninsula, so stick a rose between your teeth and getting laid will be a cinch.

Places to go: The Alhambra for the wonderful architecture; Generalife for the impressive back garden; and the desert to see where some of the lowest budget



blood-and-guts spaghetti westerns were made.

Local greeting: "Go home tourist, and leave us to the poverty-stricken way of life we have lived since the year dot!"

Hazards: When you tell them where you've been, people back home think you've only been visiting the set of Coronation Street; or when you boast of a passionate evening spent at the Alhambra people think you've been to the theatre in Bradford; and feeling so romantic you end up giving your date a box of chocs instead of a shag.

SEVILLE

Unhappy with all the attention Barcelona and Madrid were getting in 1992, the hot and fiery people of Seville went into terminal depression. So the city was made host to the World Fair Expo '92 — which sounds like it should be full of naked women, but is full of businessmen and naked greed. So is there anything fruity in Seville apart from the oranges? Yes! The Andalucian girls are as handy and loose as their name implies. And the local blokes are no opposition as most of them are seedless.

Places to go: The Plaza De Espana to see the amazing architecture; the Gold Tower to see if you can nick a bit of the amazing architecture; and a tapas bar to get pissed and eat smelly fish things which you would

normally never touch without tweasers!

Local greeting: "Buenos dias. Can I squeeze your oranges?"

Hazards: The Seville service is nearly as bad as ours; the hot sun may ripen the oranges but it will make you peel; and poncey little prize winners off children's TV who won a trip to Expo '92 and are disappointed it isn't Disneyland.

MAJORCA

This, the largest of the Balearic islands, was formerly an exclusive retreat for the the rich and famous, before they discovered Antigua, Mustique and Wilmslow. The Royal Family still brave the telephoto lenses of the Spanish paparazzi for two weeks self-catering in August, but for the most part Majorca is the last known hunting ground of the Great British Lager Lout. Hence a holiday on Majorca is just like being in your local on a Friday night, with the heating on full. *Places to go:* Bridlington Bill's British Bulldog Bar for a taste of home; the Genuine London Pub for a taste of someone else's forehead; Palma for a plane to anywhere else in the whole world.

Local greeting: "Laaaaaager! Arsenaaaal! Enger-lund! Stitch that, Day-go puff!"

Hazards: Muggings; beatings; and running into the nosey nextdoor neighbour you were trying to get away from.



Chapter Nine:

The age of reason

At long last Professor Stefan Backwards has put his foot down and Mayfair's time machine is now racing through history quicker than a cheetah with piles who's just sat on a hedgehog...

Not to be confused with the Age of Raisin, during which a lot people in London N1 decided that just because they ate muesli they knew better than everyone else. The Age of Reason was a great flowering of philosophical thought. Men such as Voltaire, Jean-Jacques Demis-Rousseau and



Bishop Benneton came up with all sorts of brilliant ideas: 'Man is born free, but everywhere is in chains'; 'You are my island in the sun'; 'Man is born free, but everywhere is in chainstores' etc etc etc. At the same time Rennie Descartes coined his famous catchphrase: 'I think therefore I am — the fastest relief from indigestion misery'. Descartes argued that if something did not think, then it could not truly be said to exist. Which is a consolation to anyone who has ever seen *Baywatch*. The logic and clarity of these ideas took the world by storm and the men who came up with them were soon besieged by nubile young groupies.

An opportunity of which they took full advantage. Lay Philosophes (as they were known in France for obvious reasons) had a profound influence on events which were about to unfold...

The Age of Revolution

The thought of 'Pole' Voltaire (as he was known to the groupies for obvious reasons) and his chums sent people's heads into a spin. Indeed some span so rapidly they actually fell off, usually into a basket under the guillotine. Because of this the term 'revolution' came into being. The first people to feel the full force of the revolutionary wind were the British. In the colony of America the inhabitants rebelled against the tea tax, tin tax, syn tax and tic tax. Soon the cry of 'The Americans are revolting', was heard all over London. General George Washington and his army, clad in gaudy Hawaiian shirts and bright Bermuda shorts, armed only with cameras and fat-bottomed wives named Myrtle, were soon marching all about the place taking photos and complaining that there was no iced water. On the sea too the rebels met with success. Their fleet was lead by Paul Jones, famous in history for saying, "I have not yet begun to fight. Doo wah diddy diddy do diddy dum". Terrorized, the British gave the colonists their independence. Had he but had the gift of foresight King George would have combated the American Revolution by bombing Libya. An act which would have ensured that most Americans stayed at home.

In a bid to land the contract for *Euro Disney* the French decided to copy the Yanks. A revolution broke out when the wife of King Louis, Marie Antoinette, replied to the comment "the pheasants have no bread to eat" with the remark "Then let them eat cake". This was perfectly reasonable.

The Rise And Wilt of Napoleon

Napoleon Bonaparte began life as a Corsican. Later on, as Josephine was to be made painfully aware, he became a Corsican't. He was a short, pot bellied man with a totally bald head, all the

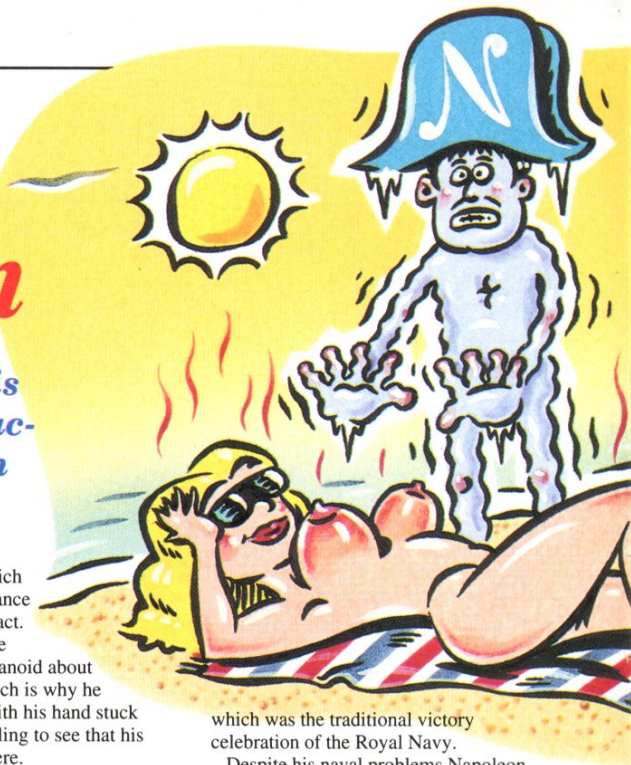
characteristics which make a man in France a sex symbol, in fact.

All through his life Napoleon was paranoid about pick-pockets. Which is why he spent most of it with his hand stuck inside his coat feeling to see that his wallet was still there.

Napoleon's rise to power was swift and the details of it lie outside the brief of this article (In other words you don't know them — The Ed). Suffice it to say that after his great victory at Chicken-Marengo he was made Emperor. This title went to Napoleon's head and he quite forgot his station. Which as every one knows was Waterloo. The life of Napoleon, however, was somewhat like a journey on the Northern Line — before he could get to Waterloo he had to go through Trafalgar Square (now Charing Cross). And be stuck in a tunnel for twenty minutes due to staff shortages at Tooting.

The nemesis of the French fleet at Trafalgar was, of course, Admiral, Lord Nelson. Horatio Nelson had one eye, one leg and one arm. As a consequence his crew knew him as 'Half Nelson'. He was a bit of a joker and frequently made the sailors laugh by entering the galley, putting his telescope to his blind eye and announcing "I see no chips!". Nelson's other pastime was Lady Hamilton. Lady Hamilton was one of the great beauties of the day. Indeed her breasts were considered so perfectly formed that they were studied in universities by Hamilton Academicals.

At the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson's ship 'HMS Victory' carried out a brilliant manoeuvre and cut through the French line. Demoralized by the fact that all their washing had fallen into the sea, the French surrendered. Alas and a lack, in the very moment of his triumph, Admiral Nelson was shot from the cox'ail. His final words were "Kiss me, Hardy". Ever since that day historians have speculated on this short sentence. Did Nelson actually say "Kismet, Hardy", a reference to the undeniability of a man's predestined fate? Was he, in fact, having an affair with his second in command. Or did he croak "She kissed me hardy", a reference to Lady Hamilton's sexual predilections? Well, after literally minutes of thought on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that what he really said was, "Quiche, me hearties?" An invitation to his men to partake of the cold finger buffet



which was the traditional victory celebration of the Royal Navy.

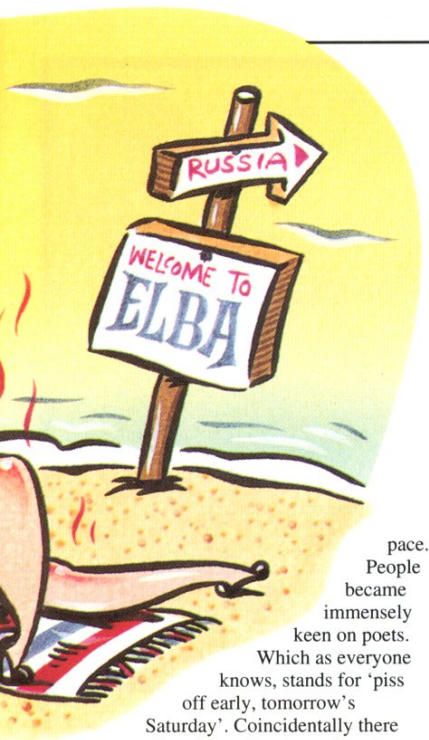
Despite his naval problems Napoleon continued to prosper on land. The French Army was invincible it seemed. This was in the main due to Bonaparte's belief in his own adage "An army marches on its stomach". This meant that French soldiers were incredibly difficult to shoot, if a little slow moving. The sight of them slivering onto the battlefield was guaranteed to send a shiver down the spine of all their enemies. All that is save one. The Duke of Wellington. The Iron Duke, as he was known due to his fondness for well pressed linen, decided to fight the foreigners in Spain. A tradition which persists in some young Britons to this day. Accompanied by his wife, the famous Wellington boot, he set off for Torremolinos with a ship load of drunken hooligans (AKA 'The British Army'). By a cunning policy of co-ordinated mooning, loud and continuous chanting of "Ere we go, ere we go" and the exposure of vast beer guts, the French were soon driven out of Spain. As were the Spanish. And everybody else for that matter.

Defeated in Spain, Napoleon decided to invade Russia. If nothing else this proved he was as nutty as squirrel shit. Because it is a well known historical fact that anybody who invades Russia ends up deep in the shit with an icicle where their dick used to be. And Napoleon was no exception. Which is why after he got back from Moscow he decided to go into exile on Elba in order to thaw out a bit.

A few years later he made a comeback that was about as well planned and successful as Larry Holmes'. He was defeated by Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo. Waterloo was to have immense historical repercussions: because of it, Prussia became a major power in Europe, Poland became part of Russia, and Abba became the most successful group of the Seventies.

Rhyme, Women and Song

After the Napoleonic Wars life in Britain settled down to a more leisurely



you had nine children and were married to a German you wouldn't be laughing much either (*I'm not laughing much anyway* — *The Editor*). During the reign of Victoria Britain's Empire expanded to Bernard Manning type proportions. Of course there were reverses. In 1884 General Gordon arrived in the capital of the Sudan to find every one waving their arms about and running up and down manically. "An animated Khartoum," he said to himself. "What's going down, I wonder?" The answer was his head, right down on the carpet at the feet of the Madhi. Queen Victoria never found out the truth about Gordon's fate. Her advisers kept it from her. She was getting old and they thought that a Sudan shock might kill her.

Victoria was served (thought not in the biblical sense) by many great prime ministers. These included Sir Robert Peel who repealed the terrible 'Corn Laws' which made tight footwear compulsory; Benjamin Disraeli who was so often late for work and offered such ridiculous excuses that he was known as 'British' Disraeli; and William Ewart Gladstone who wanted to ban pubs and always carried a little black bag round with him. Until, that is, Queen Victoria told him to put her down.

Victoria was succeeded by her son. King Edward was a round fellow with dirty, pockmarked skin, who made excellent chips. Or perhaps I'm getting him confused with the potato of the same name. Edward did not do much during his reign except invent a big cigar and have affairs with thousands of women. Unlike his mother he was amused. And how.

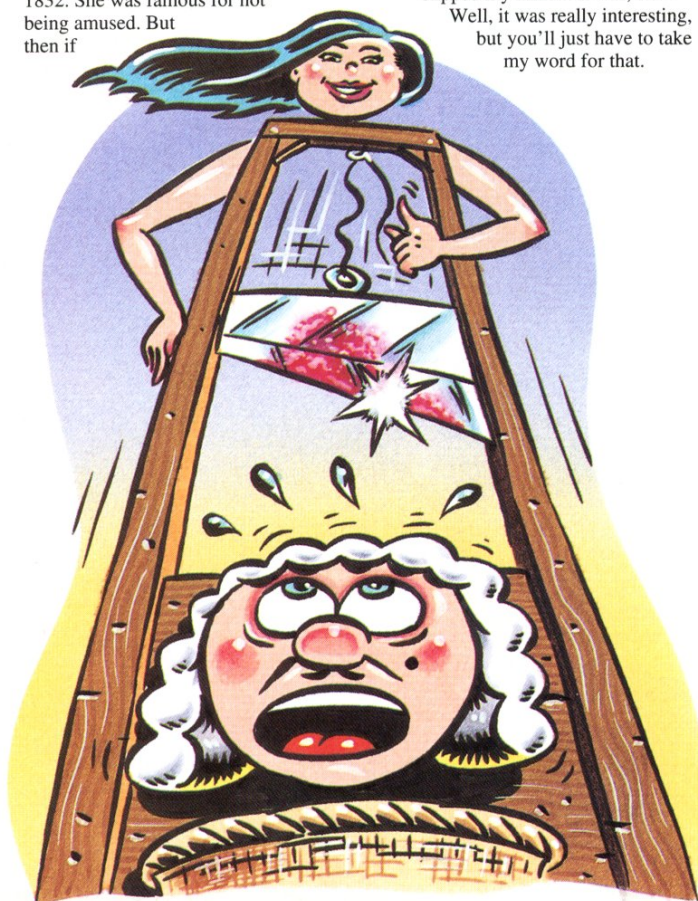
Meanwhile In Belgium

Things carried on pretty much as before, except that... Funny. It's completely slipped my mind... It was, err...

Well, it was really interesting, but you'll just have to take my word for that.

Empire, Empire, Stick It Up Your Jumper

Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1832. She was famous for not being amused. But then if



STUFF

You just can't get through the chilly old month of March without...

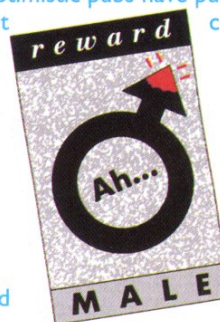


Staying in to watch Roger Moore spank gorgeous girls' bottoms in *The Saint* Volume Two from ITC Home Video

Rejoicing at the sun coming out for the first time in six months along with your Spring wardrobe, but forgetting that the wind chill factor means it's still minus ten degrees outside

Noticing that over optimistic pubs have put their garden furniture out, only to have frost crack all the tables

Finding that the crocuses are in bloom... and are sprouting from the damp patch in the spare bedroom



Playing Sexpressions from Cherry Orchard Games, "the rudest board game in the world", and falling out with your partner over who won and having to sleep on the sofa

Forgetting Mothers Day and winding up paying £45.50 at the last minute for a bunch of half-dead daffodils

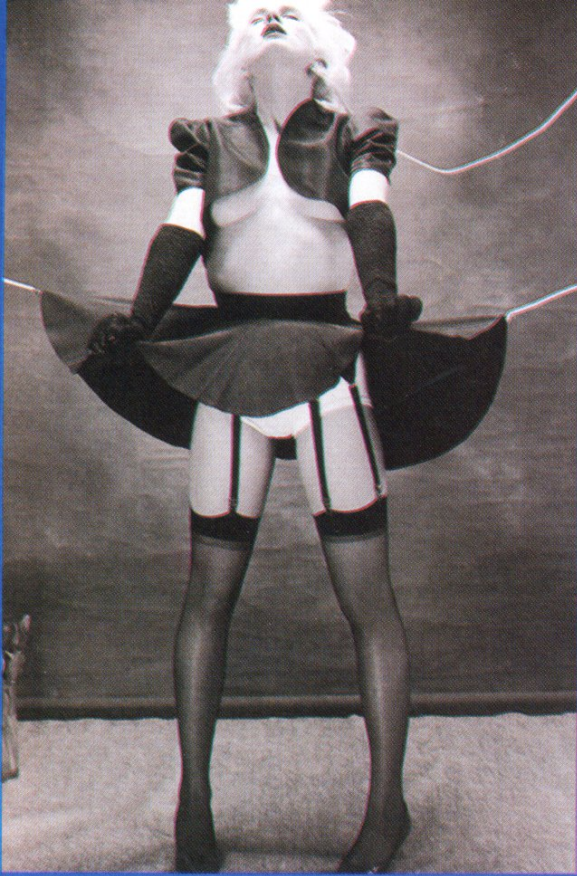
Booking a holiday in a quaint Mediterranean resort only for all the different factions to declare war on one another

Re-wiring the house from the magazine that was going to "grow into a beautifully bound definitive volume on every aspect of DIY", but finding that it's unobtainable after issue three

Discovering that there's buggar-all on telly again until September

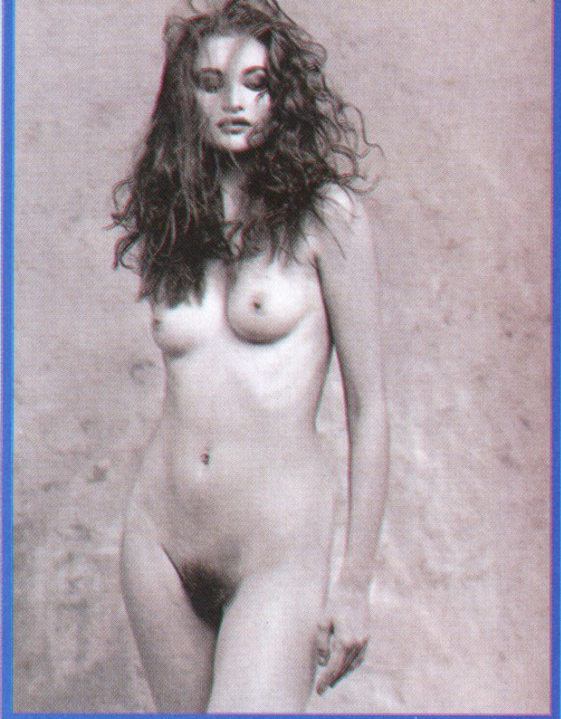
Wishing your wife looked like Tara from *Mayfair* Vol 27 No 1.





Tarts for Art's Sake?

Remember postcards? Those things you got from your granny showing sandy beaches and clock golf courses, with "Greetings from Clacton" in horrible lettering all over them. Well, they've grown up — and got naughty. Clever photographers realised that, by shooting in arty black and white, they could get the post office to pop pics of naked women through your door. Now images (almost) worthy of Mayfair are whizzing about the Royal Mail. Where will it all end? Answers on a post-card, please...



AS IS

TV mathematician *Carol Vorderman* who knows what you get if you add a pair of plus fours to an eighteen

AS DOES

Golfer *Payne Stewart* who keeps his balls clean in a pair of ridiculous trousers

AS DOES

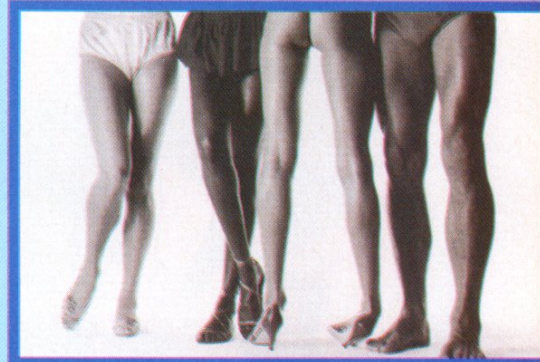
Singer/rapper *Hammer* who has had several hits in clubs

AS HAS

Paul Gascoigne who was once a striker, always out at the front

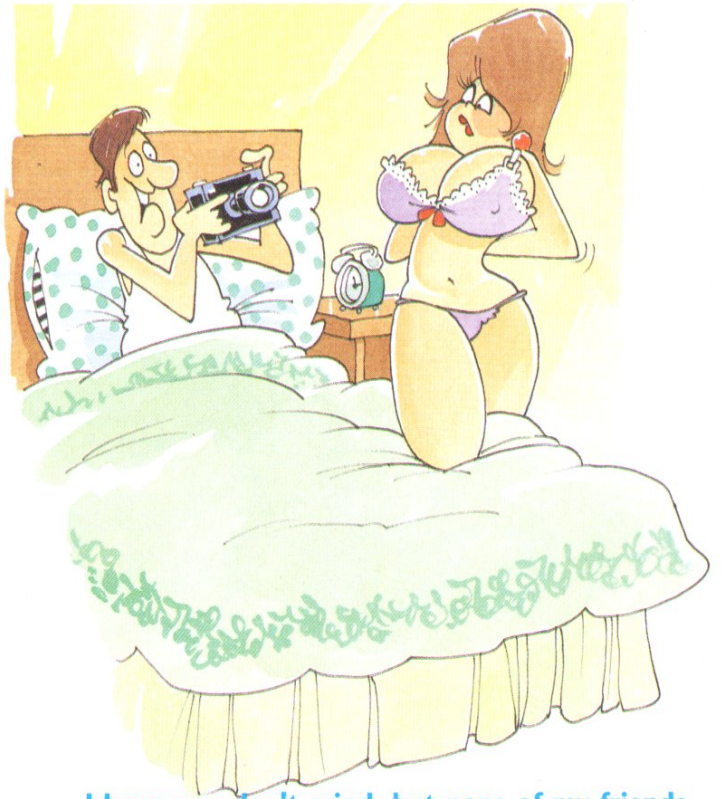
AS IS

Maria Whittaker.





We'll I've never met a leg man!



I hope you don't mind, but none of my friends will believe this

MAMMARIES ARE MADE OF THIS

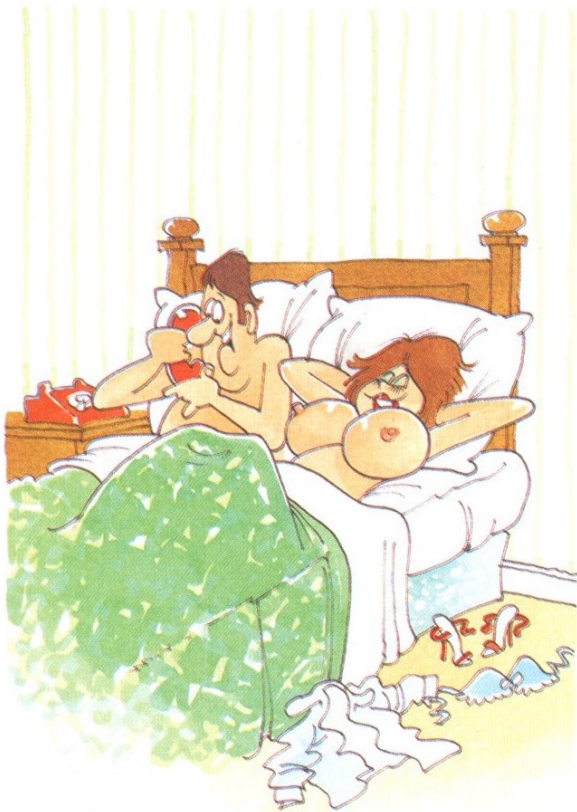
"A whole cartoon feature all about breasts?!" gasped cartoonist Anthony. "I don't know if I can handle that!" But we reckon he's got hold of his subject pretty well...



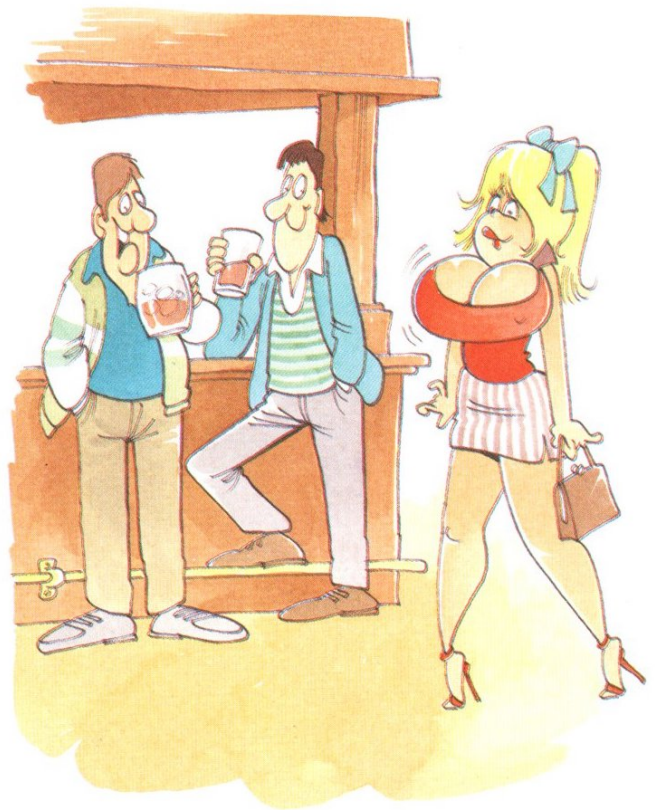
It's the third time this week I've been accused of shop-lifting



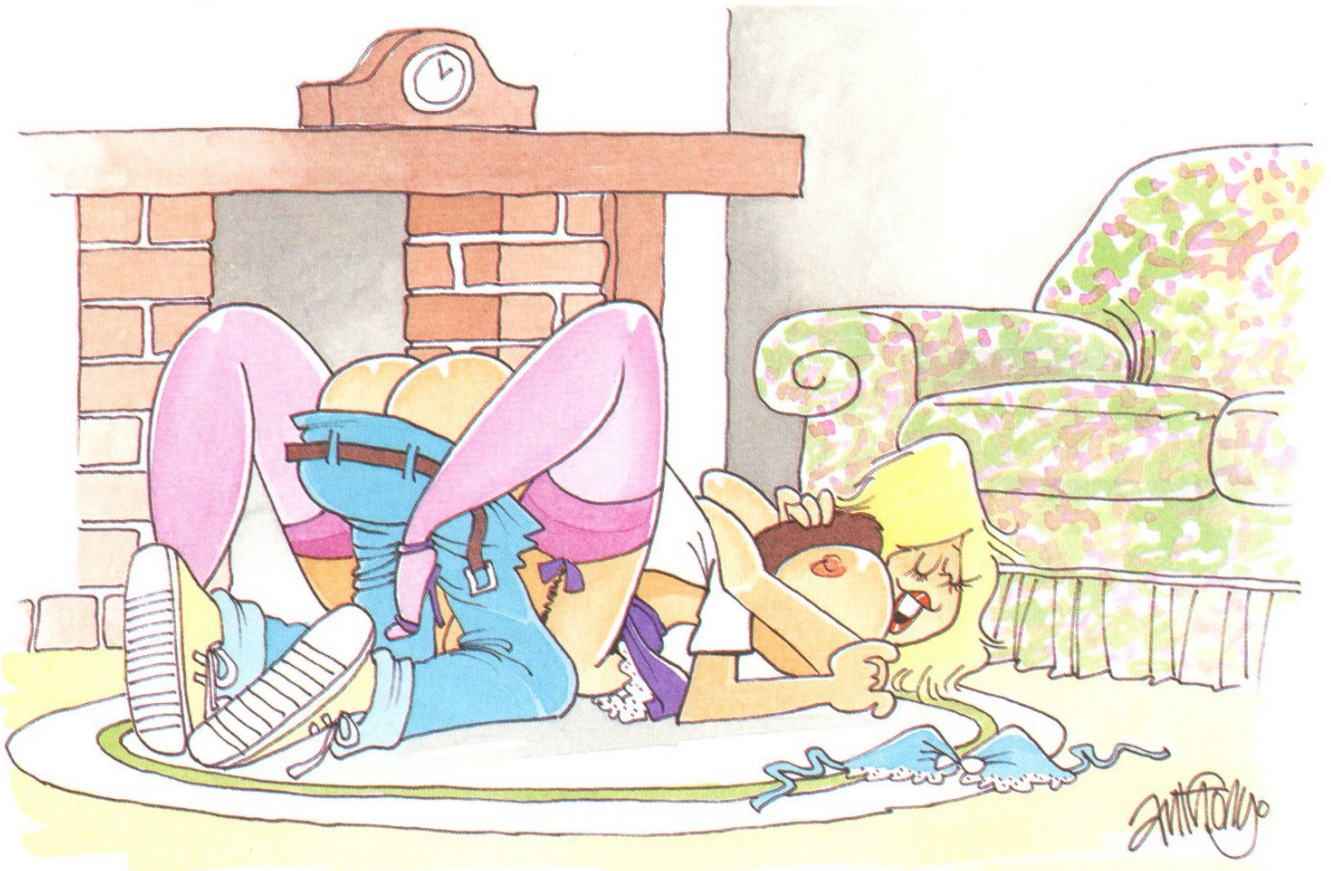
Wearing your pink knickers tonight, eh?



Hello, Frank? You were wrong...
They are for real!



Which one do you fancy?



It's no good darling... I can't hear a word you're saying

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

The discovery of a partner's sexual secret can sometimes be damaging to a sexual relationship — but often it revitalises love-making. Quest talks to three women for whom sexy secrets have led to an increase and improvement in sexual activity.

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Ms H
Age... 23
Sex... Female
Town of origin...
 Inverness
Other details...



This silver service waitress was shocked but aroused when she accidentally discovered that her boyfriend became sexually excited when wearing her silky underwear.

Quest: Until you discovered your boyfriend's sexual secret, you felt that you had a normal, though somewhat mundane, sex life, didn't you?

Ms H: Yes, we'd been together for a fair while and although I enjoyed having a regular partner to fuck with, things had been going a bit stale recently. We'd just tailed off I suppose. By the time all this happened we'd gone a little downhill, and were only having sex about once every couple of weeks. I suppose I should have realised that Martin would be feeling rather frustrated, but I was so busy at work and with the rest of my life that I never really noticed.

However, gradually the lack of sex in our life began to dawn on me, because I found that I was masturbating myself a lot more, especially when I was working evenings. I'd slip off in mid-shift and squat in the toilet cubicle with my vibrator, running the pointed end over my aching clitoris, which would make me come. I'd have to bite my knuckles so that I wouldn't shout out loud with my climax, and then I'd plunge it into my soaking cunt and frig myself again and again. I loved walking around waiting on the tables with my cunt all wet and juicy and squelchy, and sometimes I swear that the customers could smell my cunt juices. I hope it

turned some of them on!

Quest: But then you discovered your boyfriend's secret. How did that happen?

Ms H: One day when I was working the evening shift, I came home early; the restaurant had been practically empty so the manager had decided to send someone home. I volunteered to go, even though it meant missing out on money, because I was pretty tired and fancied an early night. I thought my boyfriend must be out when I got home, because I couldn't see any sign of him downstairs. I got a real shock when I went up into our bedroom though!

There was my boyfriend, lying face up on our bed, wearing a pair of my best silky French knickers. He was obviously very aroused and wanking himself off with the material!

I could hardly believe my eyes! In fact, I could hardly believe that he'd squeezed himself into the knickers, for that matter, because I'm really



that before — he always seemed so in control when we had sex, but now he looked like he was going to totally lose control of himself at any moment. He obviously had no idea I was there and hadn't heard me come upstairs, because he started talking to himself then, saying things like, "Christ, that's good! Yes, harder! You're nearly

"I pulled my French knickers off him and stuffed his cock inside me"

skinny and he's not exactly a small bloke. But there he was, off in a world of his own, his hairy legs poking out of the pale pink silk, his balls straining with all the come they were holding back, his cock stiff and throbbing and poking right up to his stomach. He was stroking himself through the sheer silk material, running his fingers up and down his shaft, his toes clenching as he neared his explosive climax.

I'd never seen him behave like

there!" That shocked me, because when we're in bed he'd never really been one for talking or saying what he wanted.

Then his whole body seemed to spasm and I could see a wet patch appear on my knickers as Martin shot his load. Still with his eyes closed, he reached down into the panties and rubbed his spunk over his shaft and balls, feeling the sticky sperm lubing his skin. He was almost about to get hard again, he was so excited.



And the funny thing was that I was almost as excited as he was! Standing there watching, I was panting as loudly as Martin, and I could feel the heat and wetness rising in my pussy. I reached between my legs as I stood there looking at Martin recovering from his orgasm and rubbed my own mound through my skirt, feeling that I was going to come at any moment.

I must have moaned as I was playing with myself, because Martin opened his eyes and looked at me. He went red and seemed very embarrassed to have been caught out.

"How long have you been dressing up in my underwear?" I demanded with a sternness I didn't feel at all.

Martin didn't speak for a second and then it all came out. He'd been experimenting like this for quite some time, and he'd found out how turned on he got wearing my undies. He told me that he got off on the silky feel of them against his skin, and that as soon as he pulled on a pair of my French knickers, or my bikini briefs, he got a huge erection.

He could hardly bring himself to look me in the face when he was confessing this, but he needn't have worried about my reaction. The next moment I was straddling his body, gripping his hips with my legs as I pulled my French knickers off him and stuffed his cock inside me. I can't explain how I felt — I was just desperate to be fucked, and although Martin's cock was still only semi-hard when I'd pushed it into me I quickly felt it harden, and soon we were fucking each other like wild animals, Martin rearing right up as I rode him and really plunging hard into me.

I started coming straight away, and I just kept on coming too. I couldn't ever remember feeling such intense orgasms, and when Martin had shot his load, we both fell back onto the bed, exhausted.

Quest: How did you handle the situation after that?

Ms H: I just said to Martin: "Do you realise how much it turned me on, seeing you doing that? Next time make sure I'm there to enjoy the sight."

I could see it was a relief for him that I wasn't annoyed, and



we had a really long talk then, about which specific items of underwear he really enjoyed wearing and when his favourite time was to do it, and we agreed that the next time he felt the urge he'd let me in on the fun.

The next time it happened was when we were washing up after breakfast a couple of days later. I could see that Martin had a huge bulge of excitement as he said he wanted to go upstairs and put on my white cotton bikini panties and my suspender belt. My legs were shaking with excitement as I followed him upstairs and watched him do what must have been the most exciting striptease of all time.

His cock was straining as he pulled on my little knickers and fastened my suspender belt. The panties held his balls in — just — but his cock was poking right out. He groaned as the cotton rubbed all his erogenous zones and the pre-come juices on his knob stained my panties. By now I had my fingers inside my cunt, though I couldn't take my eyes off Martin, who was squirming with arousal.

"Grab your silk stockings," Martin panted. "Wank me off with your silk stockings!"

As I started rubbing the material up and down Martin's cock I marvelled at the wonderful feeling the silkiness of my stockings gave against the skin of his shaft and I realised what his attraction to my underwear was! I tugged his cock with all my strength, feeling the silk rippling and the veins in his cock throbbing, and then suddenly I was being sprayed

with his come as Martin had a tremendous orgasm. As soon as he'd finished shooting his load I moved so that I was straddling his face, and he frantically tongued my cunt as I wriggled and covered his face with my come juice.

Quest: You regularly practise this now, don't you?

Ms H: Yes, and I've even gone shopping with Martin when he's

bought women's underwear for himself too! I love to think of him wearing them under his normal clothes, which he does sometimes, and now we've built up a good collection of photos that I've taken of him wearing women's underwear. I fancy him even more in my underwear than I do in his, and our sex life has been totally revitalised!

Quest: Thank you.

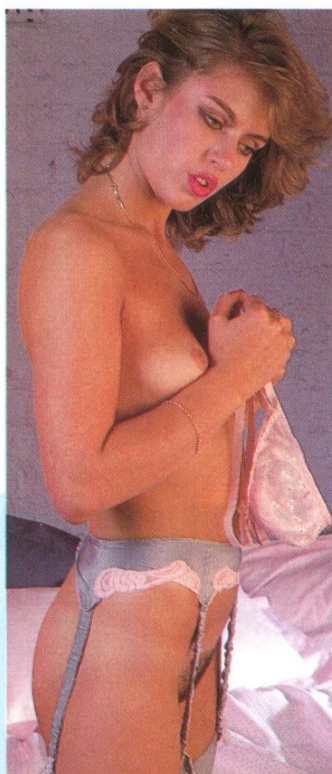


QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

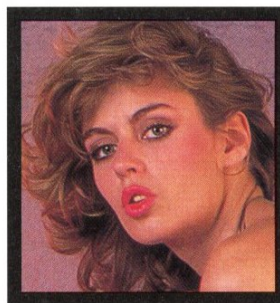
Quest: Just for background, tell us a little about your sex life before you found out about your husband's secret.

Mrs W: Tom and I have been married for quite a while, and as with your previous respondent, our sex life was slightly on the wane, though we still made love whenever possible. It's not easy when you've got two young children! But I had no idea that he was looking elsewhere for sexual relief. If you'd said to me a few years back that my



PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs W
Age... 31
Sex... Female
Town of origin...
Lowestoft
Other details...

This dentist has been married for seven years and has two children. She thought she had a happy, secure sex life until she discovered her husband's secret sexual fling with a neighbour...



husband would be having an affair with my approval, I'd have been horrified, but now... well, I can hardly believe the turn things have taken.

Tom runs his own market research consultancy from home, while I work long hours at my surgery, so we'd got to the stage where we only saw each other for a few hours in the evening, after we'd settled the kids down. So that's how Tom met our neighbour, Jill. Of course, we all knew each other slightly, but at first I didn't have a clue what was going on.

I suppose that when I found out about their affair it must have been going on for several months. There were little signs: a couple of times I came home from work and found Jill looking very at home in the kitchen, although there was always some excuse. Then one evening when I was just coming back from a late-night shopping trip I caught Tom coming out of Jill's house and sneaking into our house the back way. I knew her husband was away on business so immediately I was suspicious, and the way Tom looked guilty as he tried to come up with an excuse as to what he'd been doing there just confirmed my suspicions.

But that was when things started to take a different course. Naturally I was angry thinking about my husband with Jill, but I was also very curious. What did she have that I didn't?

Was she better in bed than me? And secretly I was turned on by the thought of them together, Tom fucking her with his long, thin cock, Jill's cunt gripping it to hold him inside her as they ground their pubic mounds together. I even started to wonder whether Jill's cunt was covered in the same thick, dark, curly hair as her head was! And that was when I decided that I was going to spy on them.

That sounds a little melodramatic I know, but that was what I wanted to do. I let Tom think he'd got away with it by brushing off the incident when I'd caught him coming out of Jill's house, and then I told him that I'd be working late one evening and that I might go out afterwards, so he'd think he had a whole evening in which to fuck Jill. I knew he'd use it too. I sent the kids to my mother's for the evening, and the scene was set.

Quest: You say you were aroused, planning to surprise the couple together...

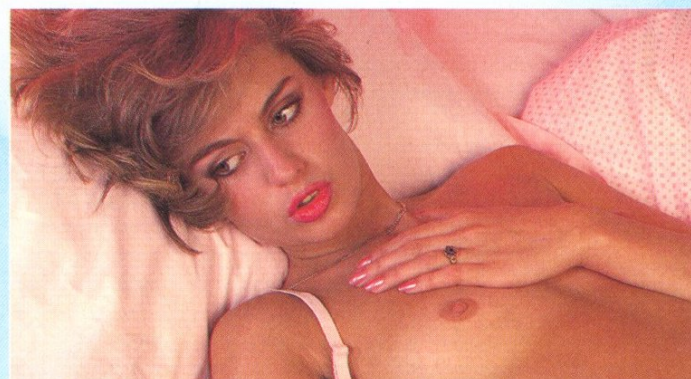
Mrs W: Every time I thought about it, I had to play with myself. It just turned me on so much I had to rub my clitoris until it was covered with my juices and I could smear them all around my slit before pushing my fingers into myself and frigging my pussy urgently. Tom almost caught me once; I dread to think how I'd have explained to him that I was masturbating because the thought of him with his lover was getting me aroused!

In the end, all I did was creep into the house that evening and watch through the serving hatch which connects the kitchen and lounge. They had music on, the lights turned down and were oblivious to anything except fucking each other.

I watched as they finished stripping each other. Jill's nipples were really hard and pink and stiff, so I guessed they must have been enjoying a lot of foreplay, and Tom's cock was out of his trousers and sticking out semi-hard, so I guessed that Jill must already have sucked him off. I moaned inwardly as I imagined my neighbour's red lips slowly running up and down my husband's shaft, and I undid my blouse and played with my own nipples through my bra, pulling them hard until they stood out like acorns.

I couldn't take my eyes off what was going on. Tom was kneeling in front of Jill now; she was down to her underwear and was rubbing her open palms over her nipples and kneading her boobs as my husband pulled her panties off with his teeth, revealing that she wasn't hairy at all, but instead she'd shaved herself completely!

My cunt gushed when I saw that, and Tom dipped his head and nuzzled at her fanny while Jill, breathing hard, instructed



him what to do.

"Now run your tongue along my whole slit," she told him, putting one leg up on his shoulder so that her cunt was wide open and gaping over Tom's nose and mouth. I heard him inhale deeply as he caught the smell of her cunt juices, and then he waited for her instruction to push his tongue right inside her so that she could reach a climax.

She kept him waiting for what seemed like ages, and then groaned, "Tongue me! Tongue me now!", and my husband grinned up at her before slowly circling her clit and love hole with his tongue and plunging it inside her.

I could tell by the way Jill arched towards him that she was having small orgasms: she threw her head back and howled as Tom licked her out, building the pressure with his hands on her buttocks as well, pulling her towards him. My own hand was still at my cunt and I was



fingering myself as Tom took his tongue out of her and licked her for all the juices she had, and then held her cunt close to his face as she slowed her shuddering.

"My turn for a treat now," Tom told her, then stood up and leaned her against the fire place, with her legs spread wide and her naked bottom facing him. He fondled her bum cheeks for several minutes, rubbing his

ber being as turned on as I was at that moment, watching my husband give Jill the fucking she'd obviously been asking him for all evening.

He pushed her right up against the fireplace as the force of his thrusts climaxed, and he stayed locked inside her cunt as his orgasm subsided. And when he pulled out of her, all his come was dripping out of her cunt, and Jill reached down and



"My husband grinned up at her before slowly circling her clit and love hole with his tongue"

stiff prick over them and pulling them apart so that he could get a really good view inside Jill's swollen, pink cunt. I really had the urge to get my fingers inside her too, but I had to be content with making myself come silently instead, my pussy walls contracting round my fingers as I fought to stay quiet.

I looked back at Tom just in time to see him stuffing his prick slowly into Jill's cunt as she shouted her pleasure out loudly. Then he reached round and grabbed her boobs from behind, really twisting the nipples hard as he pumped her with all that cock-meat. I didn't even have to touch myself then — I came again, clenching my thighs together to prolong the sensations. I can't ever remem-

scooped some of it up, licking it off her fingers while she looked him right in the eyes.

Quest: Did they catch you?

Mrs W: No, I sped out of the house and went for a quiet drink — I needed one after that! I'd never been as turned on by having sex with Tom as I was by watching him fuck Jill.

Quest: Did you tell your husband?

Mrs W: Yes, eventually. He confessed the affair, and I agreed to let him carry on fucking her as long as he let me watch. So now I've watched them in all kinds of places — the bedroom, Jill's garden, the local park, Tom's car — and I don't know which of us gets a bigger sexual kick out of it now!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs A
Age... 25
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Worcester
Other details...



This housewife led a secret double life — she started to work as a strip-a-gram to earn extra money, but found that she became sexually aroused by her work.

Quest: Quite an unusual job to take up just for the money!

Mrs A: Yes, I suppose it is! I didn't really think about it that way though. At the time I just needed to make some money very quickly. My husband's firm wasn't doing very well, and because his overtime had been cut we were in danger of getting behind with the mortgage, and that was the last thing I wanted. So I looked around for a job. Because I left school straight from the fifth form with very little in the way of qualifications, I was quite limited in what I could actually do, and I'd got married straight from school too, so I didn't even have any job experience that I could fall back on.

Through a friend I heard about the job as a strippagram. I've lived in the next road to Julia

for a couple of years now, and I knew that she had a part-time job, but she'd never actually told me what it was until I was chatting about my money worries one morning. She told me they needed young women with good figures at her work, and that was that.

I didn't tell Tony, my hus-

band, exactly what I was doing, at first because I'm quite shy — especially about my body, although everyone tells me that I've got a really lovely, curvy figure, with wide hips and big boobs, and I'm pretty tall and leggy — but my boss was a really nice guy and started giving me loads of work. And I soon found out that I got turned

"I screamed with pleasure as I felt his thick tool inching up my cunt"

band, exactly what I was doing, because I thought he'd go mad — I just told him I'd got a bar job and he seemed quite happy to accept that. He even encouraged me. And soon I began to really get into it. I was nervous

on by taking my clothes off for people.

Quest: Tell us the first time that happened.

Mrs A: The first time I really registered it was when I was sent to an office party to do a naughty nurse strippagram for a guy from that firm who was leaving. I was doing the job alone, but that was the way I enjoyed working. I slid into the tight nurse's uniform, feeling the way it rode up over my bum and hugged every curve of my body. I was wearing really sheer, seamed black tights too, and high heeled patent shoes. Looking at myself in the mirror, I found that I was feeling really aroused and horny, almost as if I'd been masturbating or enjoying a good half hour's worth of foreplay with Tony! I couldn't believe it, but I stood there staring into the mirror as I ran my hands over the outfit,

feeling how my nipples responded to having the material rubbed over them, touching the bare skin where the low-cut neckline was.

And suddenly, just from looking into my own reflection and touching myself, I had an orgasm. And I knew it was because I'd been thinking about what I was going out to do, and what the reaction of the guys I was going to strip for would be. That was when I realised just how hot and horny it made me undressing myself and flaunting myself to complete strangers. I loved it!

I loved the thrill of seeing their eyes light up when I stood in front of them and fondled myself, just rubbing my hands over my body. Sometimes you could even see the guys getting hard-ons inside their pants as I writhed about in front of them, and best of all I loved it when I got to sit on their knees and could feel how hard and stiff I was making them.

The first time I fucked one of the punters was quite an event. I didn't get paid for it or anything



like that, don't get me wrong; all I ever get paid for is for turning up and doing the job. But this time I went above and beyond the call of duty — which was what I'd been working up to doing ever since I'd realised just how randy my job made me feel.

I was in my school teacher outfit, which was basically sexy

undies under one of those capes and a mortar board, and things just developed a bit further than they ought to have done. I found myself on my knees, with a crowd of cheering guys yelling encouragement, giving a blow-job to a guy who I'd only met a couple of minutes before. His cock in my mouth tasted delicious, and I suctioned my lips on it as hard as I could, really moving them up and down the whole shaft and playing my nails on his hairy, aching balls. God, I really needed to taste his spunk at the back of my throat, and soon I was rewarded by the salty wads shooting into my mouth. I gulped them down greedily.

"Your turn now, love," one of the other men there said. "Do you fancy a good length?"

Did I! I was desperate to be filled up, and the poor bloke didn't even have time to get his trousers down properly before I pushed him onto his back on the floor, in the middle of a circle of onlookers, pulled down his underpants and stuffed that cock right up me.

I screamed with pleasure as I felt his thick tool inching up my cunt, and then I started to frantically ride him, bucking my hips up and down and clenching my pussy muscles so that he was clamped inside me tighter than a vice. "Come on, big boy!" I yelled at him. (After all, if I was putting on a show for all the guys unlucky enough not to get to fuck me, I might as well make it a good one!) "Let's see how long you can last out and how much you can give me!"

I was climaxing with every thrust by then, my whole body tensed up and arching, my boobs wagging about, my legs all over the place, and then I felt the guy under me really tense up and push his pubic mound right up into mine as he shot off inside me. I think I'll savour the feeling of that hot spurt for the rest of my life — I know I masturbate just about every day thinking about it, and of the ecstatic expressions on the faces of all the guys watching, most of whom were probably wanking, I think.

And that was what started me off. I got hooked on the excitement of it all, the secrecy of it — knowing that each night I

was working I'd be walking into a whole room of guys, or sometimes even women too, that I'd never met before and was never likely to see again, but that I was going to have sex with at least one of them. I'd turned from a shy, wallflower type into a raging nympho in a matter of weeks!

The thing was that it improved my sex life with Tony. We've very rarely had any secrets from each other, and although I'd not told him about the job at first I soon confessed everything — I didn't hold any details back at all, I told him the lot. I thought he'd explode and he did, though not in the way I'd expected. He shot his load as soon as I started detailing exactly what I'd been getting up to!

After that, when we'd start getting ready to have a screw (which is happening on average about three times a day now!) he'd beg me to relate all the details of my previous night's work to him. Hearing me talking in minute detail about who had fucked me and who I'd

sucked off would get him such a stiffy that we'd have to fuck there and then — we even did it in my mother-in-law's kitchen

when her back was turned for five minutes, we were so desperate!

Quest: Tell us what sort of things Tony likes you to tell him.

Mrs A: He loves it when I say things like, "And I got so wet when I wriggled in his lap and I could feel how hard and stiff he was, just for me. He really wanted my pussy so I had to let him fuck me, do you understand? And when I got his cock out of his pants, he was so stiff and swollen it looked almost painful, but it was soon better when I pushed it into my cunt and held it in there. I really needed to ride that cock, Tony, it felt so hot and thick inside my cunt."

"And I love to feel all those eyes on me when I'm doing it. You'd love to see me doing it with another man, wouldn't you? You'd love to see his cock pressing in and out of my pussy, watching all that pussy juice dripping out of me. I love those men fucking me and making me wet, but what I really love is your cock inside me..."

Tony loves it when I talk like that. That job really has given our sex life a new lease of life, and I'm so glad I shared my sexy secret with Tony. Maybe one day I'll even let him come on a job with me!

Quest: Thank you. **M**

